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THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER V.

The Dutchman Pays.

The Rhein ran briskly alongside the Norman Towers, turned her engines to full speed astern, and came to a dead stop some twenty fathoms away. It was very smartly done.

Mr. O. Kettle, from the upper bridge of the Rhein, looked across at his own ship and frowned. Her side was rust-streaked and shabby; her bottom, when she heaved up to the long blue swell of the Sargasso Sea, showed a grass-green garden of weed; her rigging and funnel stays were ill set up; and her decks were cluttered with untidy litter. A derrick boom which had jumped out of its chock traversed about the fore-deck as she rolled, and scored a bright arc on the iron plating between bulwark and hatch.

From the fore shrouds there blew out the remaining third of a windlogged Union Jack which had been seized there. Union down, as a permanent sign of calamity. Even the falls of the port life-boat had not been touched since Mr. Kettle unhooked from them, and the blocks, with a catch of orange-yellow gulf weed streaming from them, soused in the water or bumped against the platting as the steamer rolled.

Mr. Kettle summed up the situation. 'Old Man standing by the whisky bottle. Others too slack to carry on without orders."

He glanced round rather nervously at Miss Chesterman who (by special invitation) was on the upper bridge at his side. He obviously expected comment, and with the nervousness of a man who sees the infelicities of his own fireside exposed to a stranger, dreaded it.

She skirted the subject tactfully. "How delighted your friends will be to see you back."

"Bringing coal?"

"If you like to put it that way. But come to think of it, isn't it natural one should always admire success? You set out on a forlorn hope and you've succeeded. What could be more satisfactory?"

Miss Chesterman was tall and generously proportioned. She was all that one means by the description "a fine handsome woman," and like many girls of her build, she was frankly and openly attracted by a man half a head shorter than herself. In fact, during the four days in which the Rhein hunted for the disabled Norman Towers she had worked up between herself and the little sailor something that might be described as a hot flirtation.

But at this moment on the upper bridge of his captured steamboat, Mr. Kettle was a ship's officer and nothing beyond. In reply to the whistle-hoot a dozen apathetic figures appeared on the Norman Towers' untidy decks, but there was no Captain Farnish, and no trace of organized discipline, and for a moment Mr. Kettle gritted his teeth in a spasm of rage at the spectacle.

"Miss," he said, turning to the lady, "what you see there is entirely my fault. Captain Farnish suffers from malaria, and I guess he's dowr with a bad attack. He deliberately signed on inferior mates and engineers, as he did me the honor to intrust the discipline of the boat to his chief officer, and that's me. When my back's turned, you see what happens When I get back on board there, you'll see discipline come back like a conjuring trick."

He hailed across, addressing the second and third mates by name, and demanding a boat, but none was forthcoming. Apathy had bitten into that crew too deeply, and finally it was in the Rhein's quarter-boat, rowed by the negro and the German, and escorted by a shoal of excited flying-fish that he passed across to his own ship.

By way of emphasizing his homecoming he knocked down the first three men who stood in his path, and then marched briskly into the chart house. Captain Farnish, with the usual tear in his eye, sat huddled in his red velvet chair, and Mr. Kettle noted with fresh distaste that the caster of the lame leg was still about.

'Come back on board, sir. I've brought that coal."

"Very pleased to see you, Mr. Kettle, me man. But I don't think coal interests me now. My professional reputation's eternally punctured; 'n all on account of psalm singing Mr. Little. Never you take up psalm-singing, Mr. Kettle, me man, or if you do, take dam' good care to pick out the right psalms."

"I'll remember that, sir. But I'd like to point out that whatever else the owners may be, at any rate they're business men. It isn't as if the old Towers was fully insured. They stand to lose 25 per cent if she's a total loss, and to pay according on salvage. Now you've saved them that."

Captain Farnish shook a blowsy head.

"Think that Dutch boat won't put in a big claim for salvage?"

"She might," said the chief officer dryly, "if anybody aboard her knew our name. But you see, I've every soul of her people under hatches, and there, if you'll give me my way, sir, they'll stay till we've got the coal we want and are away out of sight."

"But your own boat's crew—won't they tell the skipper if he asks?"

"Well, there are two reasons against that, sir. First, the Rhein didn't treat us very civilly, and my men were mad enough to eat her, funnel and all, by the time we did get on board. And, secondly, I had the handling of these men for a considerable number of days in our lifeboat, sir, and I can guarantee that—with me in command of them—they're the best disciplined handful of toughs in the western ocean today."

"I can believe it. You have a knack with you in handling a crew, Mr. Kettle, me man. Must have got it from me, I suppose. My whiskers! but I was a fine bucko mate in my day before I got command, and had to talke so many precautions against malaria. But it would have to come out sooner or later who we are. We can't take the Dutchman's coal without paying for it. That's blame' near piracy."

"Beg pardon, sir, but I wasn't proposing anything of the sort. You've money in that drawer, next to the chronometer, in hard cash. I suppose there's some one among those incompetents down in the engine room who can figure out how many tons it will take to steam us home, and we will pay the Rhein at Newport rates plus five shillings a ton added for the emergency call. You can take it from me, sir, the subject will then drop. That Dutch skipper (although I cannot like his eye-glasses or the cut of his beard) is a man with a pride of his own, and you'll never find him going to a consulate and squalling that his whole ship had been held up by a boatload of starving scarecrows that he tried to desert in mid-ocean. No, sir, there's human nature even among Dutchmen, and the man'll hold his tongue."

"Splendid thing, human nature," Captain Farnish assented, "though I feel my position is precarious. I mean, very risky thing to depend on a glass-eyed Dutchman possessing human nature. Eh, well, as you'pe come back, Owen, me man, I can hand ofer charge to you with full, I may say, fullest confidence. Strain of your absence has been so very great, I really must indulge in an half hour's sleep." And murmuring, "Never get married, Kettle, me man. Strain of keeping subsequent family out of workhouse most exhausting," Captain Farnish broke off into a most enjoyable snore.

The little mate frowned. He took a book from the shelf above the washstand and fitted it under the casterless leg of the red velvet chair when it lurched upward to the roll of the ship, and then pressed on the bell-push till the captain's steward came.

"My man," said the mate, "I've come back on board this packet, and don't you forget it. Next time you fail to answer a bell promptly I'll give you a dose of smartening powder that will take a week to digest. Now turn to and clean out that big starboard stateroom below, and make up a bed in the lower bunk. If I find a speck of dirt when I come to inspect, I'll make you wash the whole place out with your tongue. It is probable that a lady passenger will travel in that room, and if I hear as much as a word of complaint from her, I'll attend to you in a way that'll make you hate the sea for the remainder of your natural life."

Mr. Kettle went out on deck then, sent certain messages, and presently was holding a meeting of the second and third mates and the second and third engineers in the saloon below. Proceedings were entirely private, and no report of them official or unofficial was ever issued, which goes to show that whatever differences officers of the mercantile marine may have among themselves, it is a point of strictest etiquette with them to keep these away from outsiders.

It was, however, a matter of common note that after the meeting broke up, the second mate (who hated responsibility) had a puffed and darkened left eye which showed signs of rapidly closing; that the third's collar was burst at both ends; and that both the second and third engineers, young men who were always sallow, were both so white as to suggest that anger and insult burned hotly within them. But the next thing noticeable about the quartette was their briskness. They had gone into that meeting limp and dispirited. They emerged angry but energetic. And, incidentally, the record also tells that Mr. Kettle had contrived to break both sets of his own knuckles.

Affairs marched rapidly from now onward. The infection of briskness spread. The lethargic crew woke up—or were rudely awakened. A boatload of them went across to the Rhein, and to their surprise found themselves under the crisp command of a truculent officer in whom they recognized one Jenkins, ex-incompetent deck-hand of the Norman Towers.

But Mr. Jenkins soon proved himself an officer of affairs. He yapped out orders with the true bucko mate's bark. Derricks were lifted and winches rigged to raise the coal from below, bags were found to carry it in; tarpaulins were stripped and hatches removed; and lo! at the bottom of the hold, among the coal, there stood ready the Scots engineer McTodd facing (after the manner of a drill sergeant), a squad of German fireman and trimmers who

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

INGENIOUS INVENTION OF HEIRS

A BIZARRE case which has its dramatic and amusing side is the topic of the moment. It has to do with the succession to an estate which has been in the possession of the natural heirs for 10 years, but which was partly left to other parties. The feature which is curious and unusual is that the legal legatees were given an opportunity of knowing of the fortune left them while the donor was still alive, but through what they will now be inclined to think culpable neglect they let the chance go.

It seems that in 1902 there died a M. Lefevre de Revel, a retired State functionary, at the advanced age of 96 years. He had spent his leisure for years before his death in writing out in minute details all the events of his life down to the most trivial.

M. Lefevre was very proud of his labors and considered that the records he accumulated had a great literary and statistical value. But gradually he began to suspect that his work was rather laughed at than read and by adroit questioning he came to the conclusion that the recipients only turned a few pages perfunctorily and returned the precious book unread.

In his eleventh volume he prepared a subtle revenge. Counting on the fact that if any of the pages were read it was only those at the beginning, he inserted a copy of his will at page 540, in which he left his estate to be divided among those to whom the book was ordinarily sent.

When M. Lefevre died in 1902 there was a search for his will, but no such document could be found and the natural heirs took possession. Ten years afterward some one idly browsing in volume XI. came across the unsuspected will. The present case is being brought by the friends mentioned in the will who were left out in the original division of the property, which amounts to $80,000.

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Third Installment.

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I WAS a sickly, delicate boy, suffered much from asthma, and frequently had to be taken away on trips to find a place where I could breathe. One of my memories is of my father walking up and down the room with me in his arms at night when I was a very small person, and of sitting up in bed gasping, with my father and mother trying to help me. I went very little to school. I never went to the public schools, as my own children later did, both at the "Cove school at Oyster Bay and at the "Ford school" in Washington. For a few months I attended Professor McMullen's school in Twentieth street near the house where I was born, but most of the time I had tutors. As I have already said, my aunt taught me when I was small. At one time we had a French governess, a loved and valued "man'selle," in the household.

When I was 10 years old I made my first journey to Europe. My birthday was spent in Cologne, and in order to give me a thoroughly "party" feeling I remember that my mother put on full dress for my birthday dinner. I do not think I gained anything from this particular trip abroad. I cordially hated it, as did my younger brother and sister. Practically all the enjoyment we had was in exploring any ruins or mountains when we could get away from our elders, and in playing in the different hotels. Our one desire was to get back to America, and we regarded Europe with the most ignorant chauvinism and contempt. Four years later, however, I made another journey to Europe, and was old enough to enjoy it thoroughly and profit by it.

While still a small boy I began to take interest in natural history. I remember distinctly the first day that I started on my career as zoologist. I was walking up Broadway, and as I passed the market to which I used sometimes to be sent before breakfast to get strawberries, I suddenly saw a dead seal laid out on a slab of wood. That seal filled me with every possible feeling of romance and adventure. I asked where it was killed, and was informed in the harbor. I had already begun to read some of Mayne Reid's books, and other boys' books of adventure, and I felt that this seal brought all these adventures in realistic fashion before me. As long as that seal remained there I haunted the neighborhood of the market day after day. I measured it, and I recall that, not having a tape measure, I had to do my best to get its girth with a folding footrule, a difficult undertaking. I carefully made a record of the utterly useless measurements, and at once began to write a natural history of my own, on the strength of that seal. This, and subsequent natural histories, were written down in blank books in simplified spelling wholly unpremeditated and unscientific. I had vague aspirations of in some way or another owning and preserving that seal, but they never got beyond the purely formless stage. I think, however, I did get the seal's skull, and with two of my cousins promptly started what we ambitiously called the "Roosevelt Museum of Natural History." The collections were at first kept in my room, until a rebellion on the part of the chambermaid received the approval of the higher authorities of the household and the collection was moved up to a kind of bookcase in the back hall upstairs. It was the ordinary small boy's collection of curios, quite incongruous and entirely valueless except from the standpoint of the boy himself. My father and mother encouraged me warmly in this, as they always did in anything that would give me wholesome pleasure or help to develop me.

The adventure of the seal and the novels of Mayne Reid together strengthened my instinctive interest in natural history. I was too young to understand much of Mayne Reid, excepting the adventure part and the natural history part—these enthralled me. But of course my reading was not wholly confined to natural history. There was very little effort made to compel me to read books, my father and mothing having the good sense not to try to get me to read anything I did not like, unless it was in the way of study. I was given the chance to read books that they thought I ought to read, but if I did not like them I was then given some other good book that I did like. There were certain books that were taboo. For instance, I was not allowed to read dime novels. I obtained some surreptitiously and did read them, but I do not think that the enjoyment compensated for the feeling of guilt. I was also forbidden to read the only one of Ouida's books which I wished to read—"Under Two Flags." I did read it nevertheless, with greedy and fierce hope of coming on something unhealthy; but as a matter of fact all the parts that might have seemed unhealthy to an older person made no impression on me whatever. I simply enjoyed in a rather confused way the general adventures.

I think there ought to be children's books. I think that the child will like grown-up books also, and I do not believe a child's book is really good unless grown-ups get something out of it. For instance, there is a book I did not have when I was a child because

MY MOTHER—MARTHA BULLOCH ROOSEVELT

it was not written. It is Laura E. Richards' "Nursery Rhymes." My own children loved them dearly, and their mother and I loved them almost equally; the delightfully light-hearted "Man from New Mexico who Lost his Grandmother out in the Snow," the adventures of "The Owl, the Eel, and the Warming-Pan," and the extraordinary genealogy of the kangaroo whose father was a whale with a feather in his tail who lived in the Greenland sea," while "his mother was a shark who kept very dark in the Gulf of Caribee."

As a small boy I had "Our Young Folks," which I then firmly believed to be the very best magazine in the world—a belief, I may add, which I have ketp to this day unchanged, for I seriously doubt if any magazine for old or young has ever surpassed it. Both my wife and I have the bound volumes of "Our Young Folks" which we preserved from our youth. I have tried to read again the Mayne Reid books which I so dearly loved as a boy, only to find, alas! that it is impossible. But I really believe that I enjoy going over 'Our Young Folks" now nearly as much as ever. "Cast Away in the Cold," "Grandfather's Struggle for a Homestead," "The William Henry Letters" and a dozen others like them were first-class, good, healthy stories, interesting in the first place, and in the next place teaching manliness, decency and good conduct. At the cost of being deemed effeminate I will add that I greatly liked the girls' stories—"Pussy Willow" and "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," just as I worshiped "Little Men" and "Little Women" and "An Old-Fashioned Girl."

This enjoyment of the gentler side of life did not prevent my reveling in such tales of adventure as Ballantyne's stories, or Marryat's "Midshipman Easy." I suppose everybody has kinks in him, and even as a child there were books which I ought to have liked and did not. For instance, I never cared at all for the first part of "Robinson Crusoe" (and although it is unquestionably the best part, I do not care for it now); whereas the second part, containing the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with the wolves in the Pyrenees, and out in the Far East, simply fascinated me. What I did like in the first part were the adventures before Crusoe finally reached his island, the fight with the Sallee Rover, and the allusion to the strange beasts at night taking their improbable bath in the ocean. Thanks to being already an embryo zoologist, I disliked the "Swiss Family Robinson" because of the wholly impossible collection of animals met by that worthy family as they ambled inland from the wreck. Even in poetry it was the relation of adventures that most appealed to me as a boy. At a pretty early age I began to read certain books of poetry, notably Longfellow's poems, "The Saga of King Olaf," which absorbed me. This introduced me to Scandinavian literature; and I have never lost my interest in and affection for it.

Among my first books was a volume of a hopelessly unscientific kind by Mayne Reid, about mammals, illustrated with pitcures no more artistic than but quite as thrilling as those in the typical school geography. When my father found how deeply interested I was in this not very accurate volume, he gave me a little book by J. W. Wood, the English writer of popular books on natural history, and then a larger one of his called Homes Without Hands. Both of these were cherished possessions. They were studied eagerly; and they finally descended to my children. The Homes Without Hands, by the way, grew to have an added association in connection with a pedagogical failure on my part. In accordance with what I believed was some kind of modern theory of making education interesting and not letting it become a task, I endeavored to teach my eldest small boy one or two of his letters from the title-page. As the letter "H" appeared in the title an unusual number of times, I selected that to begin on, my effort being to keep the small boy interested, not to let him realize that he was learning a lesson, and to convince him that he was merely having a good time. Whether it was the theory or my method of applying it that was defective I do not know, but I certainly absolutely eradicated from his brain any ability to learn what "H" was; and long after he had learned all the other letters of the alphabet in the old-fashioned way, he proved wholly unable to remember "H" under any circumstances.

Quite unknown to myself, I was, while a boy, under a hopeless disadvantage in studying nature. I was very near-sighted, so that the only things I could study were those I ran against or stumbled over. When I was about 13 I was allowed to take lessons in taxidermy from a Mr. Bell, a tall, clean-shaven, white-haired old gentlemen, as straight as an Indian, who had been a companion of Audubon's. He had a musty little shop, somewhat on the order of Mr. Venus' shop in Our Mutual Friend, a little shop in which he had done very valuable work for science. This 'vocational study," as I suppose it would be called by modern educators, spurred and directed my interest in collecting specimens for mounting and preservation. It was this summer that I got my first gun, and it puzzled me to find that my companions seemed to see things to shoot at which I could not see at all. One day they read aloud an advertisement in huge letters on a distant billboard, and I then realized that something was the matter, for not only was I unable to read the sign, but I could not even see the letters. I spoke of this to my father, and soon afterwards got my first pair of spectacles, which literally opened an entirely new world to me. I had no idea how beautiful the world was until I got those spectacles. I had been a clumsy and awkward little boy, and while much of my clumsiness and awkwardness was doubtless due to general characteristics a good deal of it was due to the fact that I could not see and yet was wholly ignorant that I was not seeing. The recollection of this experience gives me a keen sympathy with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the psysical causes of deficiency in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious, or mentally stupid.

This same summer, too, I obtained various new books on mammals and birds, including the publications of Spencer Baird, for instance, and made an industrious book-study of the subject. I did not accomplish much in outdoor study because I did not get spectacles until late in the fall, a short time before I started with the rest of the family for a second trip to Europe. We were living at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. My gun was a breech-loading, pin-fire double-barrel, of French manufacture. It was an excellent gun for a clumsy and often absent-minded boy. There was no spring to open it, and if the mechanism became rusty it could be opened with a brick without serious damage. When the cartridges stuck they could be removed in the same fashion. If they were loaded, however, the result was not always happy, and I tattooed myself with partially unburned grains of powder more than once.

(To be continued.)

ICEBERGS ARE A BOON

THE matter of lives which have been lost during the past year through collisions with icebergs from the frozen North, has revealed in no uncertain manner the extent of this foe upon the high seas, says the Toronto Mail and Empire. The bergs have been sighted in southern latitudes which hitherto have been regarded as beyond their reach. The popular mind has been riveted upon the subject by the number of accidents; but, as a matter of fact, scientists have been aware of their numbers and movements for years. So far as recent records go, last year icebergs have not been sighted so far south as in former seasons. Some years ago one huge berg contrived to weather the warm waters of the Gulf stream, and startled vessels around the Azores; and on another occasion a wanderer was espied off the Bermudas.

The bergs of the North Atlantic have their origin off the western coast of Greenland, whose mighty ice cap stretches down to the sea. As the frozen rivers come into contact with the water, they break off in huge masses, some solid blocks measuring a quarter of a mile in length, and representing a dead weight of several million tons. When the winter breaks and the currents set fiercely southward, these bergs are marshaled in line and sail steadily toward warmer climes in long procession. The escaping bergs drift on and on till, in the succeeding winter, their progress is checked around the shores of Newfoundland, and they join up with the ice field, which forms rapidly. The whole mass keeps forging ahead steadily under the force of the currents, colliding and breaking continuously, the detached portions attaching themselves to large drifting fields, until at last they float over the Grand Banks.

Here their destruction commences. Their sides become pounded and melt under the rays of the sun, while their bases, with which huge masses of detritus, gravel and rock are associated, fall away to build up the submerged plateau of the Atlantic. Those which survive this decomposing process wander farther and farther south, foul the great steamship lanes and there for the most part finish their career.

Travelers may regard the iceberg with terror, but to the fishermen of Newfoundland and the North Atlantic they are a blessing. It will be an unlucky day for these fishermen when nature changes her tactics and swings the bergs upon another course away from the Grand Banks, as then the fishing industry will disappear. It is the debris borne by the bergs from virgin Greenland to be deposited upon the bed of the Atlantic at this point which makes it an excellent breeding ground for the cod, herring and other marketable fish.

In Yosemite Valley.

Sound! sound! sound!
O colossal walls and crowned
In one eternal thunder!
Sound! sound! sound!
O ye oceons overhead,
While we walk, subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses under
And beside the swift Merced!

Fret! fret! fret!
Streaming, sounding banners, set
On the giant granite castles
In the clouds and in the snow!
But the foe, he comes not yet,—
We are loyal, valiant vassals,
And we touch the trailing tassels
Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
From the white Sierra's verge,
To the very valley blossom.
Surge! surge! surge!
Yet the song-bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasseled treetops toss them,
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
O ye heaven-born and deep,
In one dread, unbroken chorus!
We man wonder or may weep—
We may wait o God before us;
We may shout or lift a hand—
We may bow down and deplore us.
But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
We advance, but would retreat
From this restless, broken breast
Of the earth in a convulsion.
We would rest, but dare not rest,
For the angel of expulsion
From this Paradise below
Waves us onward and . . . we go.

—Joaquin Miller.

A CLINIC TO CURE UGLINESS

Facial Defects of Los Angeles School Children to Be Remedied.

Los Angeles Examiner.

UGLY and ill-proportioned faces of children of the Los Angeles public schools may soon be made handsome at the parent-teachers' clinic if the parents desire. An orthodontic clinic for this purpose at the hospital is being proposed.

Dr. George A. Leslie, a clinic head and head of the medical department of the Los Angeles public schools, says: "One child out of twenty in the schools has projecting jaws. They don't breathe as they ought, nor are they able to eat as they ought. The proposed clinic is to remedy these defects by straightening out disproportioned faces and making them handsome. Crooked teeth also will be straightened.

WHERE DOES THE CORN GO?

Wall Street Journal.

CORN prices have been creeping upwards since the first of the year. Last season's crop was the largest ever harvested. The government estimated the yield at 3,125,000,000 bushels. What has become of this enormous amount of corn, to hold the market so firm?

Some light may be thrown on the matter by studying the census distribution of the crop of 1909. From those figures it appears that over 80 per cent of the crop is consumed on the farms. Later, at least 50 per cent of the crop finds its way from the farms to the consuming markets in the shape of meat, milk, butter and eggs. The cotton mule works on corn, and his driver most likely works on corn bread and bacon (which is only condensed corn) and 90,000,000 bushels are consumed directly as human food. Farm draught animals take 27 per cent of the average crop. The result of their toil comes to the market in the form of cereal foods, potatoes, cotton and other necessary commodities. Animals engaged in lumbering, coal and trucking industries consume about 5 per cent.

Corn finds a constant expanding market in the industrial uses. Of the 1909 crop the mills took 245,000,000 bushels. This equals 9 per cent, of which a portion will return to the farms. Starch and glucose took 1.5 per cent of the crop. Distilleries consumed 20,000,000 bushels; while 15,000,000 bushels went into the brewing industry. These two together amount to something over 1 per cent. Seed takes 25,000,000 bushels, and a portion is held over from year to year as a reserve.

Northern and western Europe uses corn, but does not raise it to any extent. Our domestic crop is three-quarters of the world's supply, but we spare very little for export. The European demand must be mainly supplied by Argentina, southwestern Europe and South Africa. Argentina furnishes over 35 per cent of this supply. Her harvest will be completed about May 1. Some forecasts are for an exportable surplus of only 100,000,000 bushels This is about 85,000,000 bushels less than last season. Russia, Roumania and the Balkans furnish about 25 per cent, but their crops were not up to average.

With a considerable shrinkage in the surplus producing countries, demand for American corn must necessarily become stronger. As we consume almost all we raise, it is easy to see why prices may tend higher.

HE COMES UP SMILING

BY CHARLES SHERMAN

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

He patted her shoulder gently and tears leaped into the woman's eyes. She cried a bit and he soothed her softly as one would sooth a tired child.

"Those others," said she, wiping her eyes on her coarse apron, "they are kind, but they don't understand."

"They mean well," said the Watermelon, "but you have to go through the mill yourself, to do well. I know what poverty means. Its ways ain't ways of pleasantness by a dog-gone sight."

"Beggars all, beggars all," cried Henrietta, as they started up the road, in the dewy freshness of early morning.

It was still early and quite cool, with the breeze of the night following them, laden with the depressing odor of charred timbers and burning leather. The road wound around a hill, sloping now and again into the valley and rising again to the heights. The view swept fields and hills and woods, all of the deep-green of mid-June, and over all bent the blue sky of a summer day.

The air was like ozone. It was a physical joy simply to walk, to breathe the odor of fields and woods and open places and to let one's eyes dwell on the beauty and the glory of the land.

"I am glad it pleases you, Henrietta," said the general tartly.

Henrietta sobered. "Father, I feel as badly as you do about the car. But I can't go into mourning for it."

"You needed another one, anyway," consoled Billy, with the kindly reassurance and hopeless misunderstanding of the rich. "The last model is out now, you know."

"Billy," said Henrietta, "do you think we can buy a car every time the humor moves us? You don't understand."

"I know," said Billy humbly, crushed under repeated rebuffs from everyone. "I am a perfect fool, Henrietta, but I can't help it."

If the general could have forgotten the car for a while, he would have been agreeably surprised and flattered by the Watermelon's sudden apparent infatuation for him. The young man insisted on walking with him, suiting his long, lazy strides to the general's best endeavors. Bartlett, Henrietta and Billy swung along briskly ahead. Henrietta was touched. The boy was trying to show his sympathy, she thought, and liked him more than ever.

It was nearly noon when they came in sight of their destination, a gaunt, gray farmhouse, perched on the top of the gentle slope overlooking the valley and the winding river to the woods on the hills beyond. They came to the bars of a cow pasture and a narrow cow path leading across the field to the house, a shorter way than by the road.

Henrietta and Billy, seeing no cows in sight, allowed the Watermelon to let down the bars and to pass through. Billy waited inside the fence, standing by the path, among the sweet fern, until all had entered and all but the Watermelon had started up the path for the house.

Quietly she watched the Watermelon as he slowly and reluctantly replaced the bars.

"Jerry," said she, when he had at last finished, "what's the matter?" She had stepped into the path in front of him and he had to stop and face her.

He flushed hotly and would not look at her. "There is nothing the matter," said he. "Why? What makes you think so."

She drew herself up with pretty dignity. "You need not have told me what you did yesterday in the railroad cut, if it were not so," said she, quite simply.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Truth at Last.

"Billy," began the Watermelon, turning aside with darkening eyes, his flushed face growing slowly white as he realized that the reckoning had come. Billy must konw all now, know who her companion of the past week was, know the status of the man who had told her he loved her. Then he turned to her again with all his mad, wild, foolish, hopeless longing in his eyes and voice and held out his arms.

"Oh, kid, I love you," he whispered, as she went to him, frankly and happily. "I love you so I can't marry you."

"It's old-fashioned to love your wife, I know," chirruped Billy, "but let's be old-fashioned."

"It isn't that, Billy," said the Watermelon slowly. He held her a moment, looking down into her eyes as she looked up at him, her hands on his shoulders, her head back.

"What is it?" she asked, frankly puzzled, but refusing to be dismayed. "You can't afford a wife, you who made three — four — millions this year?"

"Yes," said the Watermelon, grim and quiet, "that's it." He let her go and thrust his hands into his pockets. "I haven't a cent, haven't ever had one. I'm not Batchelor with a few millions. I'm a tramp without a cent, stony broke. That suit case," kicking Batchelor's suit case which he had carried with him, "is another's and I'm going to chuck it tonight."

Billy stared, mouth slightly parted, her brows drawn together in wonder, unbelieving. "Not Batchelor?" she stammered. "William Hargrave Batchelor?"

"I am Jeroboam Martin of Nowhere and Everywhere," said the Watermelon bitterly. "That Sunday I met you, I found Batchelor in bathing down in the woods. I swiped his clothes, Billy, for the dinner I could get at the hotel. Then I saw you. I wanted the week with you and I just went on being Batchelor. See?"

"How?" asked Billy through white lips, staring at him from where she stood in the middle of the tiny cow lane, winding away up the hill among the sweet fern and the bracken.

The Watermelon raised his hand to his head and gently brushed his back hair with futile embarrassment. "Why, you know that guy we heard coughing in the bushes? Well, he put me wise to the fact that your father—er—that your father and Batchelor were enemies on the street and I thought—maybe—er—if—why, your father asked me to go with you on the trip, you know, and I thought—er—that if Batchelor was in the city alone and your father thought he was with him, why, Batchelor could could beat him on the street and not mind the loss of the few things I had to take—er—see, I deceived the gang of you for a week's fun. See what a cheap guy I am, Billy? A bad egg."

"Yes," said Billy. "Father asked you to go. Why did he do that?"

The Watermelon flushed. "Why—er—"

"Father knew you were an enemy. He told me that you, Batchelor, I mean, had made him lose a lot of money last week and would probably make him lose more next week. Maybe father thought as you did, that if you were out of the city—" she knitted her brows and gazed off across the valley. "Father telegraphed just before we went to that place behind the barn, right after dinner. I know, for I saw him go to the office. Why don't you tell me the truth, Jerry?"

"God, Billy, ain't I giving you the straight goods?"

"Not about father," replied Bartlett's daughter gravely.

"Why—er—he may have telegraphed—"

"Certainly, he did," said Billy. "This whole trip was father's idea." She brushed the subject aside as one to be returned to later. "Tell me, Jerry, isn't your father a minister?"

"Yes, that's straight. He was poor, darned poor. We were all poor. He used to say that a man with more children than brains had no place in the ministry."

"I should think that possibly your father had brains," suggested Billy.

"Yes," admitted the Watermelon. "But they didn't keep pace with the children."

"What happened to you all? Why—er—why couldn't you have worked at something?"

She was gazing at him bewildered, trying to get a grasp on the new state of affairs.

"Aw, we went from bad to worse," muttered the Watermelon sullenly. "Father left the ministry. He used to say that you could appreciate the glory of the Almighty much better in a dollar bill than in the Bible."

"Maybe he had—er—no leanings toward the ministry," murmured Billy, endeavoring to express as politely as possible her growing conviction that the Reverend Mr. Martin was not a godly man.

"Maybe not," agreed the Watermelon. "But when a man's down, every one's down on him. Nothing father did went right. Ma died and the home broke up—I don't know what's become of all the others—working, I suppose, day after day, like slaves in a galley, you know. I tried it, and every night I drank to drown the damnable monotony and stupidity of it all. So, you see what I am, a bum—a tramp."

"And yourself, my love, my Jerry."

Billy held out her hands and he caught them and held them tightly in both his own for a moment, then dropping them, turned away with half a sob.

"Don't, Billy. Don't make it so hard for me, dear. We can't marry. I'm filth and you're sweetness and purity."

"But other men have married. You aren't the only one who isn't clean."

"I know, but I love you. See? When you love a person, you don't make them suffer for it. You can't understand, Billy, for you have never known life .You don't begin to know what it means. I will probably marry a girl from the streets, or one with no brains and no soul. But, you see, I love you."

Billy's eyes blazed. "You will never marry any one else with me alive," said she.

"How could I marry you, dear? I have nothing—absolutely nothing. We couldn't have a home anywhere."

"We can make a home," pleaded Billy. She leaned toward him and laid her hand on his arm, smiling into his moody face with all the charm, the daring, the tenderness of a woman who loves and is fighting for her happiness with every weapon at her command.

"You can't make a home with nothing to make it on," said the Watermelon.

"Ah, but we have something to make it on," cried Billy. "We have you and me."

"But no money."

"Why, Jerry, I have money; hundreds, thousands, dear."

But the Watermelon shook his head. "Money wouldn't be any good when I'm rotten," said he.

"Dear," crooned Billy, and kissed

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Genuine Merit Required to Win the People's Confidence

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promise of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been cured, to those who are in need of it.

In an interview on the subject a prominent local druggist says: "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows immediate results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

The success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfills every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

A free trial bottle will be sent by mail, absolutely free. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper. Regular size bottles sold at all druggists—50c. and $1.00.

Penn's Elm Tree

R. J. Burdette, "William Penn."

WHEN the old tree fell it was utilized after the American fashion. A few cords of it were sent to the Penn family in England; an armchair was made from it and placed in the commissioner's hall in Kensington. Hundreds of thousands of work stands, vases, paper weights, knife handles, paper cutters, etc., were made from the remainder of it. During the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876 a new impetus was given to the manufacture of the great elm relics, and several planing mills had all they could do to supply the demand. Probably there never was a tree so remarkable for its versatility. Pretty and useful articles of pine, maple, walnut, oak, ash and cherry were made from the great elm and sold to the reverential tourists from all parts of the great republic. It is estimated by the careful statistician who compiled the facts for this work that not less than six cords of hickory walking sticks, with the bark on, were made of this great elm and sold to Centennial pilgrims from the city.

A New Shark.

London Standard.

A variety of fish new to science was captured by the Australian fisheries investigation vessel Endeavor during a recent cruise. This novelty in sea dwellers apparently belongs to the shark family and is 18 inches long. H. V. Dannevig, the fisheries director, describes it as the most curious fish he has seen.

Instead of scales the skin of the fish is covered with small plates presenting the appearance of a coarse rasp. Its body is triangle shaped, the flat under part being so formed as to enable the fish to rest on the soft mud. It has serrated teeth and very tiny eyes, in contrast with other fish found at considerable depths, which usually have very large optics.

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He Comes Up Smiling

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

him on the chin, for she could reach no higher.

"Billy," he groaned.

"Tell me you love me, Jerry."

"Tell you I love you? Ah, sweetheart."

"Tell it to me, Jerry."

"Billy, I love you so, that if there is a God, I will thank Him all my life for this week and the thought of you."

"You may not," said Billy, "when we have been married a year."

"We can't marry, dear. Don't you understand? I am a tramp."

"And so am I."

"Your father will kick me out when he knows—"

"It's none of my father's business," said Billy with a saucy tilt of her small chin. "He's marrying whom he pleases and I shall do the same."

"Wait until I speak to him—"

"No," said Billy promptly. "I will speak, Jerry. Promise me that you won't say a thing until we get to the town where we can telegraph. Oh, Jerry, my love, promise me."

"I promise, Billy, kid."

"Promise you won't say a thing until I speak."

"I won't say a thing until I can't help it, but what good will that do?"

"Let's be happy while we can," returned Billy, with a pretty evasion. "We have one more day."

"Oh, Billy," whispered the Watermelon.

Billy turned and led the way up the path to the house while the Watermelon picked up the two suit-cases and followed her.

At the house they found the general with his usual inability to conceal a thing, explaining that they had no money, but wished to have a two-seated team and a driver to take them to the nearest town.

The farmer did not hail the proposition with unalloyed joy. He looked thoughtfully from one to the other while Bartlett explained earnestly who he was, who the general was, who they all were, in a vain attempt to undo the general commendable, if mistaken, frankness. Upon promising to let the driver keep his watch as a guaranty of good faith, to be returned when the money they were to telegraph for arrived, Bartlett persuaded the man to give in and go to the barn for the horses.

Billy drew her father aside, while the general, Henrietta and the Watermelon retired discreetly to the well for a drink.

"Father," said Billy, coming directly to the point, and evading it with a skill that befitted her father's daughter, "Jerry wants to marry me. Oh, father, I love him so. I love him as much as you do Henrietta."

Bartlett flushed and dismissed Henrietta from the conversation. "My dear Billy, you have only known him a week."

"I know, father," agreed Billy, "but a week is long enough to fall in love in. Truly, it is, father. And we both care so much, so very much."

Bartlett was secretly elated at the idea. He and Batchelor, with their differences reconciled, fighting together, instead of each other, would become rulers of the Street, could attain to any height. Batchelor was young, clever, lovable. There seemed nothing to object to. But he felt that he should. Conventionality, Henrietta, Mrs. Grundy, one or all would clearly see that there was something wrong, would counsel delay, waiting. He had never given a daughter away in marriage and was not sure what to do. He hemmed and hawed and wished that he could consult Henrietta.

"We don't want the others to know," went on Billy guilefully. "Wait until we get to the town before you say anything, won't you, father?"

"But, Billy, a week."

"Now, father," advised Billy, "just forget it. And I will forget about you and Henrietta."

"About me and Henrietta?" snapped Bartlett.

"Yes," said Billy, "and last night on the porch when you thought we had all gone in."

"That will do, Billy. We did nothing at all but say good night. I have no objection to Batchelor as a son-in-law from what I know of him; but only a week—"

"It was only an hour," said Billy. "I loved him that very first day. And please, father, you won't say anything, will you, even to him, about it? Just be nice to him, you know. And then I won't say anything."

"Certainly I won't say a thing if you don't want me to, Billy—but there is nothing whatever that you could say."

"No," said Billy, "only what I heard."

The carriage drove up at that moment, which was well.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Back to the Road.

Bartlett took the telegram the clerk handed him in an elation it was hard to conceal from Batchelor, who leaned against the counter of the store and telegraph office combined, and watched him moodily.

"Realizes that this was a piece of foolishness, his taking that trip," thought Bartlett with the sympathy of the victor for the beaten. "Has probably forgotten Billy for the time. Poor Billy!"

He tore open the telegram quickly and read it eagerly and then slowly and still again more slowly, while his florid face grew first red and then white.

"Come back, for God's sake. B. here all the time. Where have you been?" signed by his broker's name.

After the third reading Bartlett raised his eyes and glanced dully at the Watermelon, leaning against the counter, among the gay rolls of calico and boxes of rubber overshoes and stockings, watching him with thoughtful, wary eyes, and Bartlett wondered if he were going mad.

It was late in the afternoon. The general and the girls, having telegraphed for money, had gone to the hotel to wait for the answers, while Bartlett and the Watermelon had remained in the store, Bartlett eager to receive the answer to the joyful congratulations he had sent his broker on the success of his plan, and the Watermelon because he scorned to run away like a whipped cur, preferring Bartlett to know who he was.

"To ask me for Billy," Bartlett had at first decided, but changed his mind as the youth's gloom became apparently impenetrable.

Bartlett's jaw was set squarely, sternly, his eyes gleamed angrily and a small pulse beat in his cheek. He handed the Watermelon the telegram and watched him as he read it.

"Who are you?" he demanded hoarsely, when the Watermelon had finished reading the message and returned it.

"Jeroboam Martin," said the Watermelon slowly, a grim amusement in his half-shut eyes.

"Jero—what?"

"Jeroboam Martin."

"But Batchelor," stammered Bartlett, confused. The power of suggestion had been so strong that, though he occasionally thought the youth a bit eccentric for a stock-broker, it had never entered his head to question his identity.

"Batchelor is in New York," returned the Watermelon. "I just telegraphed him, C. O. D., where he could find his blooming car. Don't suppose the police had sense enough to look for it **at the hotel.**"

"A low, dirty trick," sputtered Bartlett.

The Watermelon agreed. "Typical of the Street," he sneered. "Yah, it fairly reeks with the filth of money, your plan and mine."

"My plan?". Bartlett flushed and looked away. "Stung," said he humbly, and crumpled the telegram in his hand, as he gazed moodily through the open door to the village street, impotent to refute the words of the Watermelon.

The Watermelon nodded without any undue elation, in fact, not thinking at all about Bartlett, he was too entirely absorbed in his own troubles.

"I suppose you are his partner—friend?" questioned Bartlett, after a moment's painful readjusting of ideas.

"No, I am a stranger. We met by chance, you might say. I am a tramp."

"A tramp!" Bartlett's business chagrin vanished before the rush of his paternal alarm and surprise. "But, by heavens, man, I told Billy she could marry you."

The horror in his tones angered the Watermelon. The hot blood leaped into his face and his hands clenched.

"Well, why not?" he demanded. "I am a man, if I am a tramp."

"Bah," sneered Bartlett. "A man? A cow, rather, an animal too lazy to work. I suppose you stole your clothes."

Both talked in low voices that the clerk, who only restrained himself from approaching by the exertion of tremendous will power, might not hear them. The Watermelon's face was very white, and he spoke slowly, carefully, as he retold the episode of the swimming-hole and the stolen car, stilll leaning against the varied assortment of dress goods. "I borrowed these clothes," he concluded, "to keep you away from New York for a week. That object may not sound original to you, and it wasn't. You were the one who suggested it to me through the telegraph clerk last Sunday."

"That boy would take candy from the baby," swore Bartlett gently.

"You were stung, that's all. I love Billy and she loves me. I hate work, but for Billy I will work and am going to work. I love her."

"Does she know you are a t ramp?"

"Yes."

"You haven't a cent, I suppose."

"No, but I can earn some."

"How?"

"Working."

"At what?"

"Something."

"What?"

"Anything. Damn it, I ain't incapable of anything but sleep!"

"I've lost thousands through that dirty trick of yours—"

"Yours. You originated it, you know."

Bartlett leaned against the counter beside the Watermelon and glared at the floor. Neither thought to leave the store, and even forgot the clerk, who gazed at them dubiously from a discreet distance and wondered how many more telegrams they wanted.

Bartlett knew Billy. Billy said that she was going to marry this man and so she would marry him—unless something more effective than verbal opposition were used. He had never exerted any authority over Billy and knew that it would be too late to begin now. Billy would only laugh at him. But, after all, he was Billy's father, he loved the girl and had some right to object to her marriage with a tramp."

He glanced at the thin clever face beside him and admitted that he had brains and apparently was not besotted or brutalized, merely indifferent, lazy and wholly unambitious; besides, very young, impatient of restraint and the dull grind of a poor man's life.

"Who are your people?" asked Bartlett to gain time. He must make a plan to separate Billy from this impecunious suitor. Authority was useless. He must use tact, finesse.

"My father was a minister," returned the Watermelon. "Yours was a grocer. Billy told me. Families don't count in America."

(To Be Continued.)

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

Will some reader of the Farmstead give me a remedy for gapes? My chicks have them every year.—Mrs. B., Ruby, W. Va.

Will someone give a remedy for my mare? She has a swollen knee. I have applied castor oil and liniments, but they don't seem to do any good.—M., Mechanicsburg, Va.

Will someone kindly tell me what to do with calves when they refuse to drink? I have one that I can compel to take milk with a bottle, but that is not teaching him to drink.

Who can suggest something for a horse that is poor, no matter how much hay, corn and oats you feed him? He has a slight touch of heaves and an occasional cough, but for all of that he can do as much work as the average horse in the field. I would like to see him take on some flesh.—M., Oakdale, Neb.

Does anybody know what can be put in grain hay to keep rats and mice out?—J., Oregon City, Ore.

My ewes have been chewing their lambs' tails. Will some reader give the cause and a remedy?—W., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

For the Scours.

To cure the scours best, mix one pint of sweet milk and three eggs; give to the horse twice a day.—B., New Matamoras, Ohio.

Charcoal for Hogs.

Will some reader kindly explain what is troubling my hogs? About eight weeks ago they became stiff and sore and were unable to move their hind quarters. They eat a small amount and keep about the same weight.—C., Otsego, Mich.

Dear Blade—If this person who asked for a remedy for his hogs will give them plenty of charcoal to eat, and also plenty of salt and wood ashes, mixed equal parts, I think he will save them. I have seen it tried with success in bad cases several times.—R., Clinton, Mich.

Bedding.

Whenever I see a good herd of cattle, horses or hogs, a fine flock of sheep or a large, sprightly flock of poultry, I know just what sort of a caretaker is behind them. So much is written about feeding and breeding that bedding is overlooked, when it is just as important as feeding.

If a horse must rest in a wet, filthy stall he will go into the morning's work feeling sore and tired, skin and hair dirty and not feel good all day. If he is a colt, such treatment retards his perfect development. A roomy stall, bedded knee-deep in straw, will do as much good as a feed of grain, whether he is growing or working.

Look in at the barn of the successful dairyman. You'll find well bedded stalls for the cows that are due to freshen, plenty of dry deep litter or straw under the cows in the stanchions and the young things contented and frisky in pens bedded with two feet of straw. The stable of the race horse owner is bedded deep always. Why? Because he knows it keeps the animal fresh, his muscles free and pliable and his skin loose.

Brood sows cannot do their best in coming through the winter without a dry bed of straw. She does not need a heavy bedding at farrowing time, but her pen must be dry and clean. Growing pigs will make better gains on their feed when well bedded at night, though I do not mean by this that they should be housed up tightly.

And when it comes to the profitable hen, you'll find her in the flock of the poultryman who keeps his houses clean and sanitary and the floors dry and bedded with straw from 15 to 20 inches deep. She has something in which to scratch for her feed and this induces her to lay.—William Galloway, Waterloo, Iowa.

Good Advice.

Just as soon as you can work the soil, says Profesor Massey in the Chicago Inter Ocean, plant a few rows of lettuce and radishes and sow a small bed of onion seed. Even if snow or a hard freeze after planting does come you can depend on an early supply of these vegetables.

If it is absolutely necessary the fruit and shade tree may be pruned at this time of the year. We, however, prefer to prune in the fall or winter. Trees pruned at this time of the year usually "bleed" so badly when the sap begins to flow upward that the health and producing qualities of the tree are greatly impaired.

Early in the spring of the second year the rough manure should be raked off and the ground should be worked. It is a good plan to plow furrows from each way on to the center of the row, thus leaving a ridge on the center of the row and a hollow between the rows. After this plowing use a spike-toothed harrow or cultivator and level down the beds. Cultivation should be given as outlined for the first season. Cut down the tops, burn the patch and top-dress with manure as before. An application of a high grade fertilizer in early summer will produce a good strong growth that forms a strong root system.

Gladiolus bulbs or corms can be planted in April and May. Set them rather deep, for the new corms are formed on top the old ones. A few corms will increase rapidly, generally making two good ones and a host of little sets and a dozen or two will soon give you quite a collection. They can remain in the ground all winter, but it is best to take them up and divide them and keep them in a cool dry place in winter. You can grow these, too, from seed sown early, but it takes a year or more to make good blooming corms.

I grow cannas and dahlias from seed every year and get fine flowers. Canna seed are slow to germinate. I take each seed in a pair of pincers and hold it an instant on my carborundum grinder till the white shows through. Then I soak them in warm water for two or three days and plant them in rows. In the fall the roots of the finest plants are saved and buried for the winter, covered with straw and earth. Dahlia seed are sown in the frames or in boxes in the house, and are easily transplanted to the open ground, and these are better than the old roots, as they bloom later.

THE DAIRY

Selecting the Cow.

Clarence Poe, in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, says:

"The five points to be considered in the selection of a good dairy cow are: First, large body and especially middle piece, indicating a capacity for eating and digesting a lot of food. Second, thinly fleshed backbone and especially back of the shoulders. This indicates that the food is not made into flesh. Third, large udder, as it is here that the milk is secreted. Fourth, large wells. It is through these that the blood returns to the heart from the udder. If they are large it indicates that a large amount of blood passes through the udder. Fifth, large, clear eyes. This indicates good nerves and they drive the organs of digestion and milk making. A sixth point could be added—the scales and the Babcock test.

Good glossy coats on dairy cows can be best maintained by feeding liberally a balanced ration and by grooming. More can be done in improving the coats by keeping the cows out of the weather, blanketing and grooming or brushing; but dismissing these means of improving the coat, then good, liberal feeding will aid. We do not believe linseed meal (old or new process) is any better feed for cows than cotton seed meal, nor do we believe the cotton seed meal fed injudiciously is any more likely to injure pregnant cows than linseed meal. The difference is to be found largely in the fact that not more than a pound or two of linseed meal is usually fed per day, while we feed cotton seed meal in much larger quantities and often as the only concentrate. We feed the cows a mixture of one pound of cotton seed meal to three pounds of corn meal, about 10 or 12 pounds of peavine hay and what oat straw they wished. The amount of corn meal and cotton seed meal fed should be just sufficient to have the cows gain nicely and keep in good thriving condition. In no case would we feed more than three pounds of cotton seed meal a day to a pregnant cow, especially if she is not giving milk nor receiving any green feed. At present prices of cotton seed we would sell them and buy meal or exchange them for meal.

Dust Hurts Churning.

"Farmers over the state are experiencing considerable trouble at this time of year in their churning operations," says Prof. W. L. Clevenger, of the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University. "A large share of the trouble is due to the fact that their cream is not in the best of condition, and this can be traced in many cases to a lack of cleanliness in the barns."

The university dairy experts calls attention to the fact that during the late winter, a great deal of dusty corn stover and hay is fed to the cows. This dust has been found to contain bacteria which are undesirable in milk production, and if the dust is stirred up to any great extent, it will be hard to keep it out of the milk pails and cans.

"Be very careful about spreading dust throughout the barns," advocates Prof. Clevenger. "It is not wise to feed the cows at milking time. If feeding is done after the milking operations are finished, the dust will have a chance to settle and the bacterial content of the milk materially improved."

"The conditions of the cows, in point of physical development as well as sanitary care, is not especially conducive at this time of year, to the production of the best grade of cream.

"Unless the utmost care is exerted, the milk will be found to have a strong, bitter flavor, which is undesirable. Many people mistake this for a degree of sourness, and then wonder why their butter does not come easily."

Prof. Clevenger is especially interested in the problem of temperatures. "It is desirable that the milk be kept cool. The practice of keeping the cream cans in cold water is usually efficient. If a separator is used, do not separate richer than 25 to 30 per cent for home butter making; for creamery practice, 30 to 40 per cent is better."

"Do your churning as often as possible, and not less than twice a week. If the temperature of the cream is kept at from 60 to 70 degrees, in sanitary cans, and away from places which are liable to cause the milk to be infected, the farmer will find his churning will not be as difficult as it has been under adverse conditions."—A. B. Graham, Ohio State University.

THE ORCHARD

Resetting Apple and Pear Trees.

Early in the spring, as soon as the ground is in workable condition, is a suitable time for this work. It might also be done when the ground is frozen in the winter.

First, when the frost is out of the ground, dig a circular trench about the trees 12 to 16 inches deep, and 18 inches from th trees. When the circular mass of dirt about the trees is frozen hard a tree, with its ball of earth, can be loaded on a stone boat and taken to the place of planting. In some cases the mass of earth may be made smaller, and this is to be regulated according to the number of roots encountered in digging. The method often fails because the ball of earth does not always get frozen.

If the trees are to be dug take care, simply, to save as many roots as possible and then get the trees in the ground without exposing and drying the roots. Dig holes large enough and deep enough to receive the roots and cover at once with fertile soil but use no manure in the hole about the roots. Cut off smoothly, all of the bruised roots, and use fine mellow soil in filling the holes, so that every root shall come in contact with the soil.

Plant the trees an inch or two deeper than they stood before, and tramp the soil as it is thrown in. When half or three-fourths of the soil is in, dash a bucket of water into the hole about the tree. After the planting is done cut about half the tops off the trees, so as to make an even balance between the roots and tops, also to prevent the trees being swayed about by the wind.

As soon as planted, mulch each tree with coarse manure or straw, covering the soil six inches deep in a circle, three or four feet in diameter.—W. J. Green, Ohio Experiment Station.

Grafting Large Limbs.

The common cleft graft is the best to use for limbs up to two inches in diameter. The crown graft gives better results on larger limbs. The scions are cut sloping on one side, a wedge shaped piece of hard wood or steel is driven under the bark, and the scion is then driven in firmly.

After the scions are all set, the stub is wrapepd with raffia or yarn to prevent the bark from splitting, and then covered with grafting wax or clay. When raffia is used for tying, the stub must be examined in a few months and the bands cut if necessary to prevent strangulation.

THE GARDEN

Soil for Roses.

Roses like rich soil, and when the growth is stimulated, as it is by the pegging down of the branches, the compost of the beds can hardly be too rich. In addition to a heavy application of well-decayed manure, worked into the soil when the bed is prepared, the surface should be heavily mulched with manure. This will help to retain moisture, promote an even temperature and supply elements of plant growth in the most available form for application by the roots.

Planting Distances.

Here is a table of distances of planting that is worth keeping: Standard apples, 30 feet apart each way. Standard pears and strong-growing cherries, 20 feet apart each way. Duke and Morello cherries, 18 feet apart. Prunes, plums, apricots, peaches nectarines, 16 to 20 feet apart. Dwarf pears, 10 to 12 feet apart. Dwarf apples 10 to 12 feet each way. Grapes, rows 10 to 15 feet apart, 7 to 16 feet in rows. Currants and gooseberries, 3 to 4 feet apart. Raspberries and blackberries 3 to 5 by 4 to 7 feet apart. Strawberries, for field culture, 1 to 1½ by 3 to 3½ feet apart. Strawberries for garden culture, 1 to 2 feet apart.

POULTRY

Coaxing Needed in Winter.

The ideal poultry yard produces eggs all the year rou..; there are always a fair number of the hens laying. But in the real poultry yard the proportion which have been laying all winter is very small indeed. Nothing is simpler than to theorize on this subject and show readers how easy it is to get plenty of winter eggs. It is of course just a matter of having the right breeds hatched at the right time and fed in the right way. The eggs should follow automatically, as it were, but they do not always.

The reason is that the secret of success in poultry keeping lies in the attention to detail, and one man can see what ought to be done more quickly than another. In winter the eggs have to be coaxed out of the fowls and some poultry keepers know instinctively how to do this. Take the question of situation. The clever man knows at once the best places to fix up pens for the layers, or how to give them the right amount of day shelter, if they have their liberty. It is true that if the pullets are early hatched they ought to be laying early, but surroundings, weather and feed play important parts in the matter.

Best of Breed Rate Low.

Much comment has been caused by the decrease in the size of the single comb white leghorns that have been winning at the poultry shows during the last two or three years. The breed ran small and light about 20 years ago, at which time the demand for larger leghorns caused poultrymen to breed for size, with the result that 15 years ago the specimens of the breed shown were noticeably larger. Much favorable comment was heard in favor of the increase in size and good sized birds were bred until about four years ago, when the smaller type birds again appeared. Many of the winners at the big shows now are so small and slight as to be practically worthless as egg producers, although they are supposed to represent the greatest "egg breed" known.

The leghorns that have made the records and reputation for the breed are of a type entirely different from that which is bred for the show room. The heavy layers are larger than the show birds and have wider, deeper bodies. But the show bird is really no more a thoroughbred than the utility bird which would not be placed at any ordinarily good show.

Things to Remember.

Lack of cleanliness, improper feeding and general mismanagement cause most of the poultry diseases so prevalent at this time of year.

It is better to run only 50 chicks to the flock if there would be any crowding where they are kept in large flocks. The brooders should never be crowded. The wise poultryman does not hatch any more chicks than he has brooder room ready for.

Cabbage is about as good for a green food as anything that can be found. It is well to furnish it, even when there is other green food present.

After hens have become too old to yield any profit which would warrant keeping them they usually can be sold at a price which at least will equal their original cost.

A flock of 50 hens properly cared for and given plenty of room will bring in greater returns than double the number crowded and not properly cared for.

All chickens should be fed meat in some form at least three times a week. Green food also must be supplied if the best results are to be obtained. This applies particularly to breeding stock.

One of the most important things for the beginner to remember is that he must go slow and learn wisdom by experience. No one can successfully raise poultry on a large scale unless he has had practical experience.

Fowls must have plenty of fresh air, but they cannot stand drafts. Drafts in poultry houses mean bad colds and possibly roup, which is the most dreaded of all poultry diseases.

LIVE STOCK

Dry Quarters for Swine.

A nervous, irritable sow has no place in the breeding herd.

It is absolutely necessary to provide clean drinking water for the sheep. A sheep will stand a long while before taking a drink of dirty water.

A warm, dry pen for the pigs is needed for best results. Give them plenty of dry bedding and a place to sleep that is free from drafts.

While ground shelled corn is somewhat more valuable for fattening hogs than is whole corn, it is not, as a rule, economical to grind corn for hogs.

Don't keep shep in a damp basement. They want a dry floor to stand on. If you have not a good shed build one with a floor two feet from the ground.—W. W. Maxim in Farm and Home.

Diseases Due to Indigestion.

"Seventy-five per cent of the diseases of animals can be traced to the digestive tract," said Dr. David S. White, dean of the College of Veterinary Medicine, at Ohio State University, before the winter students in agriculture today, as he derided the constant attributing of various diseases of horses and cows to 'diseased livers.'

"In spiteof the hundreds of liver remedies on the market, most of the diseases which veterinary experts are called upon to relieve come from infections and other ailments of the mouth, the gullet and the stomach systems." A thorough knowledge of these organs will do much, he believes, toward clearing up the haze that now surrounds the practice of veterinary medicine in many states, and would be the means of saving hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars annually for Ohio farmers and stockmen.

The lectures by Dr. White and his corps of assistants before the winter course students, comprising sons of farmers in all parts of Ohio, are one of the strongest features of the short course program. Although not as exhaustive as the regular university discussions in their treament of animal diseases, the work is calculated to give to the special students a training that will be applicable to their practice on the home farm.

The holding of veterinary clinics each day is one of the educational methods which proves particularly successful in the veterinary school. Scores of animals are given treatment each week for various ailments, operations are performed and advice given by the advanced students of the colleges. This not only gives the student a practical experience in the handling of animals, but enables many stock owners to secure the best veterinary assistance available in the state in the development of their animals.

"The work is growing rapidly," commented Dr. White, "and is receiving merited attention from all parts of the state. It will be only a matter of time before it will be one of the most valuable adjuncts of the State University."

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

Idaho's Manufactures.

Idaho Statesman.

A list has just been prepared showing the large number of articles made in this state, and although Idaho has not been rated as an industrial state, it shows the aggregate value of manufactured products last year amounted to nearly $25,000,000. Eleven thousand employees of Idaho factories received last year $7,000,000 in salaries, while the sum of $32,000,000 is permanently invested in manufacturing enterprises. This takes account only of the straight manufacturing concerns and does not take into account the scores of smaller repair concerns.

Napoleon on the Way

IN A. W. Macy's "Curious Bits of History" is a record of the change in the tone of the Paris newspapers as Napoleon approached the city after his escape from Elba. On March 1st, 1815, it was announced that "The Cannibal has escaped from his den." On the 10th: "The Corsican Ogre has just landed at Cape Juan." On the 11th: "The Tiger has arrived at Gap." On the 12th: "The Monster passed the night at Grenoble." On the 13th: "The Tyrant has crossed Lyons." On the 14th: "The usurper is directing his course toward Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen in a body, and they surround him on all sides." On the 18th: "Bonaparte is sixty leagues from the capital; he has had skill enough to escape from the hands of his pursuers." On the 19th: "Bonaparte advances rapidly, but he will never enter Paris." On the 20th: "Tomorrow Napoleon will be under the ramparts." On the 21st: "The Emperor is at Fontainebleau." On the 20th: "His Imperial Majesty last evening made his entrance into the Palace of the Tuileries, amidst the joyous acclamations of an adoring and faithful people."

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and calendar of fine, pure-bred poultry for 1913. The book contains many pages of poultry facts. Tells of 50 different varieties, some shown in natural colors, all illustrated and described. Tells how to make best hatch, raise and care for them, all about the Famous Greider Incubators and Brooders. Shows photos of the largest poultry farm in Penn. Prices of breeding stock and eggs for hatching, and supplies with which to start. In reach of all. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this noted book on poultry.

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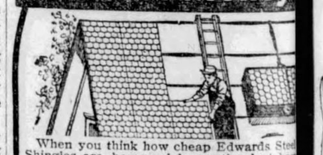

When you think how cheap Edwards Steel Shingles are, how much longer they last, how much easier they are to put on than common place roofing, it's hard to tell just how much we do save each buyer. It's a **big pile of money.**

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The best wood shingles to be had nowadays seldom last 10 years, and it's a long, slow, tedious job putting them on. Besides, any building with wood shingles is a regular "fire trap"—apt to burn up any moment. Edwards Steel Shingles last over twice as long as wood, and as they come in big clusters of 100 or more, anybody can put them on in almost no time. Furthermore, they are absolutely fire-proof and are guaranteed so by a $10,000 Cash Bond.

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The book entitled The History of White Diarrhoea, or Why Incubator Chicks Die, will be sent absolutely free by return mail to anyone sending us the names of 7 to 10 of their friends that use Incubators. This book can save you $100 this summer. It describes white diarrhoea or bowel trouble, the cause and tells of a cure.

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ZEMA PAINFUL ITCHED TERRIBLY

Arms, Legs, Below Knees Worst. In Form of Pimples then Running Sores, Face Swollen and Red. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in 6 Months.

"Alice Ave., Greenville, Ill.—"My baby's eczema broke out nearly all over him first red but his face, arms and legs, below the knees were the worst. It then got white and yellow and ran a watery substance till his clothes would be wet. It came in the form of pimples, then became running sores and his face was swollen and red, then thick brown scabs would form. He scratched whenever he could get his hands loose, as I tied his hands, and was very fretful and cross and could not sleep much. It seemed to be very painful and itch terribly. We thought his face would be all scarred. He had it for about a year and we spent lots of money for treatments and medicine, but nothing did him any good till I got Cuticura Soap and Ointment and then he slept all night. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured him in three months." (Signed) Mrs. Elmer White, Feb. 28, 1912.

"To other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skins, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails as do Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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HERRICK LAVISH HOST AT PARIS

Ohioan, U. S. Ambassador to France, Entertains Extravagantly.

Paris, April 11.—The successor to Myron T. Herrick as American ambassador to France will have to step lively if he equals the incumbent as a money spender.

The Herricks have set a record for lavish entertaining in the single year they have been here. The ambassador is said by close friends to have spent no less than $200,000 on dinners and luncheons in his official residence in Rue Francois-Premier.

Scarcely a week passes that this house is not the scene of at least one elaborate function. Diplomats from the Latin-American republics were entertained recently and men high in the political life of France are guests frequently. Robert Bacon was a popular entertainer, but he has been outdone, while Henry White, who preceded Bacon, has been far surpassed.

Others Extravagant, Too.

Aside from Herrick himself others of the present regime have established reputations as hosts on a large scale. Robert Woods Bliss, the first secretary of the embassy, also is wealthy, and he and Mrs. Bliss, who have a large apartment in the Etoile district, have given many dinners in the last year.

Bliss succeeded Arthur Bailly-Blanchard, who was first secretary 15 years, but who, while popular, was not rich and seldom entertained. Sheldon Whitehouse, the present second secretary, is a member of the Whitehouse family of the New York Four Hundred.

The wealthy American colony approves of the precedent which the Herricks have set and hopes that the present ambassador's successor may be a man with money enough to keep up the existing pace. The American government provides no residence for its representatives abroad, so a big private income is necessary. The $17,500 salary received by the ambassador in Paris is nearly eaten up in the item of rental alone.

Send Guests Home in Motors.

The Herricks keep an army of servants and have nearly a dozen motor cars. When a notable dines at the ambassadorial residence he is sent home in one of the family machines, and if there are many guests the garage is emptied. So it is surprising to no one here that President Wilson seems to be having difficulty in finding a man willing to accept the appointment with the heavy expenses attached.

IMITATION OF CHRIST KILLS

Steerage Passenger Tries to Walk on the Water.

Plymouth, April 12.—A steerage passenger named Duro on the American liner St. Paul, which arrived here last night, who declared that he could walk on the sea as Christ is said to have done, jumped from the vessel in mid-ocean April 9. He was rescued, but died later from shock. He read the Bible throughout the voyage.

PRINCESS ASKS NATION FOR AID

Former California Woman Declares Royal Husband Has Deserted Her.

Washington, April 10.—Deserted and left without support by her husband, the Princess Olga Hassan has applied to Secretary of State Bryan for aid in compelling her royal spouse to provide for her.

The princess was Olga Humphrey of Oakland, Cal., and married Prince Ibrahim Hassan of Egypt in London in 1911. According to the statement of her case made to the state department by her counsel, the prince deserted her in Paris a few months after the wedding, leaving her in a foreign country unprovided with the barest necessities of life.

Cousin of Khedive.

Prince Hassan is a cousin of the khedive and on meeting him in London last June, the princess secured a promise that the prince would be made to take care of her. The khedive then left for Vienna, and the princess complains that the prince disappeared on the same day, and that despite promises again made through the khedive's secretary that a settlement would be made, nothing has been done.

Counsel for the princess states that in response to her appeal, unofficial representations were made to the khedive last November by the state department through Peter A. Jay, the American consul general at Cairo. Mr. Jay reported that the khedive was quite sympathetic but that he claimed to be powerless to help.

The princess states that a settlement of $250,000 would be reasonable and that in this event she will be very happy to renounce the title which has absolutely no attraction for her.

Unless the United States intervenes, the Princess Olga will remain helpless as long as she lives, her lawyer says.

Writes to Senator.

In addition to her appeal to the state department, the Princess Olga Hassan has asked the aid of Senator Perkins of California. Her letter to him is as follows:

"Dear Senator Perkins: I am a Californian. My mother lives in San Francisco. My father, T. M. Humphrey, died in Oakland some years ago. In my present unfortunate plight I am compelled to appeal to you and to beg you to ask for the intervention of Mr. Bryan, to whom Mr. Cardashian, my solicitor, has already written.

"I regret infinitely to be forced to give you this inconvenience, and I will be deeply grateful to you for what you can do for me, but wish to add that without the assistance of the department of state and your good offices, I am absolutely helpless. Faithfully yours,

"OLGA HUMPHREY HASSAN."

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Redwood forests can be grown for the market in from 40 to 50 years by California timber owners, according to Dr. George James Pierce, professor of botany at Stanford. He adds that the destruction of the redwoods in California, the only place in the world where they flourish, is no more neecssary than a similar destruction of human life.

This Administration Favors Big Sea Force for United States

In an address before the Navy League in Washington yesterday, the assistant secretary of the navy declared that the policy of the present administration is for a large and effective sea fighting force. As secretary of the department, Josephus Daniels is spending much time in making a careful investigation of the United States' fighting strength on the sea and the matter of navy yards and equipment.

In another address before the Navy League yesterday Capt. John Hood, of the dreadnaught Delaware, said that not one of the 31 battleships and 24 destroyers that constituted the fighting force of 127 vessels which assembled in New York last October was ready for war.

COSMIC DUST IN CONSTANT FALL

Minute Particles of Matter Which Reach Earth From the Spheres Above.

Nordenskjold, upon finding on the snows of Greenland dust composed of the elements always associated with meteorites and of uncommon occurrence in terrestrial matter, concluded that cosmic dust is falling imperceptibly but continually upon the earth.

Spectroscopic examination of many varieties of dust collected in various countries has an important bearing upon Nordenskjold's conclusions. Among the constituents of dust floating in the air are lead, silver, copper, rubidium, gallium, iridium, thallium, nickel, manganese, etc. Many of these can be traced to their source in factory chimneys and flues.

Volcanic dust has characteristic features and dust from clouds, collected either by itself or in hail, snow, sleet or rain, exhibit a regularity of composition not seen in other varieties of dust. Iron, nickel, calcium, copper, potassium and sodium always appear in it in about the same proportions. Some dust that fell in Dublin a few years ago resembled meteorites in its composition, was attracted by a magnet, and seemed to be of cosmic origin.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Deafness Specialist Sproule made an offer of Free Deafness Treatment in Toledo Wkly. Blade on Mar. 6th to all who asked for it. Since then, he has daily received many, many grateful letters.

One man says, "Your treatment worked like magic on me." Another writes, "My head is as clear as a bell. I can hear every natural sound distinctly. Those ear noises have left me." And so the letters come, one and all, telling of the benefits received. So impressed has Specialist Sproule been, by the gratitude of Toledo Wkly. Blade readers, that he has decided to make his offer again. On page 6 of this issue, you will find it. Read it all, and then send for the Free Deafness Treatment.

BUFFALO STRIKE ENDS

Company Recognizes Union and Will Meet Committee.

By the Associated Press.

Buffalo, N. Y., April 12.—A court order was signed this morning directing the withdrawal of the 3,000 state militia called here in connection with the strike of the carmen of the International Railway Co. All of the companies will reach home tonight.

Street car service on regular schedule was resumed on all city and suburban lines today.

The decision was reached last evening after an all day session between Mayor Fuhrmann, representatives of the international Railway Co. and the strikers.

The company finally agreed to recognize the union and meet with a committee of the men within three days to settle the wage scale and working conditions.

Higher prices for tin have led to the extensive use of aluminum foil for wrapping tobacco in England.

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Send us this ad with $10.00 Money Order and we will ship you one first-class, New 40-pound Feather Bed; one pair 6-pound New Feather Pillows, worth $2.50; one 6-pound New Feather Bolster, worth $2.50; and one pair Full Size Blankets, worth $3.50; all for $10.00. All New goods and no trash. Biggest bargain ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. This offer is good for a short time only. Mail money order now or write for circular and order blanks. Reference, American Exchange National Bank. Address Southern Feather & Pillow Co., Dept. 20, Greensboro, N. C.

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5784—Ladies' Dress.

This is the season of the one-piece dress, and the design shown is perfect for the soft satins, silks, crepes and clinging wash materials now used. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 6¼ yds. of 36 inch material.

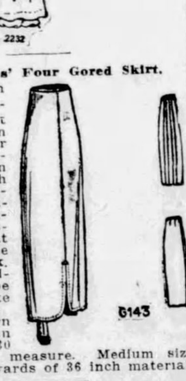
2232.—Boys' Russian Suit.

Smart blouse suit with loose trousers. Can be made of soft woolens or of wash materials. The pattern is cut in sizes 2 to 7 years. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27 inch material.

3866—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist.

An excellent tailored style, appropriate for all the heavier grade fabrics, especially linen. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yds. of 27 in. material.

6143—Ladies' Four Gored Skirt.



This skirt can be used to complete a coat suit or it can be used for costume development. It can be made with either the empire or regulation waistline. The closing is made at the left side of the back. Serge or broadcloth can be used to make this skirt.

The pattern 6143 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material.

5160.—Ladies' Apron.

A nice model for those who have just a little work to do. The bib in collar effect is very becoming. The pattern is cut in one size only. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

6140—Girls' Dress.

This dress closes at the front in duchess style. The skirt is cut in two pieces. The skirt is gathered and attached to the waist with a belt. Any of the wash materials can be used to make this dress with the collar, cuffs and belt of contrasting material.

The pattern 6140 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 44 in. material and ¾ yd. of 27-in. contrasting goods.

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The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

carried their shovels before them stiffly at the salute.

"Yap—yap—yap," barked Jenkins, and the work was carried out at the run. A towing hawser was passed, and the Rhein steamed ahead to keep it taut. Then with the distance constant between the two vessels, a Temporley transporter was rigged. A wire was stretched from the Rhein's maintop to the Norman Towers' foretop, and on this traveled the usual mechanism of sheaves and blocks. Mr. Jenkins stood beside the Rhein's poop staff and threw up a hand to signify that all was ready at his end. Mr. Kettle, in the forecastle head of the Norman Towers, gave a similar arm signal for "Go ahead."

Coal from below was loaded into bags, whipped on deck, slung aloft, and sent dancing out above the dipping tower hawser. The bags were dumped on the Norman Towers' foredeck, and their contents were emptied into the hungry bunkers. The steamers rolled crisscross to the swells in a halo of coal dust, and work was pushed forward at a pace that nearly satisfied even that master of the art of driving, Mr. Owen Kettle.

All helped except Captain Farnish, who attended to his malaria; the Rhein's officers and crew, who were battened down in the Rhein's number one hold, and raged together there furiously; and Miss Violet Chesterman, who sat in the captain's own Madeira chair on the Rhein's upper bridge and watched proceedings with absorbed interest.

Miss Violet Chesterman was a young lady of some considerable experience of life. Her years numbered only 23 but she had liver every minute of them. She had gone through seasons in London, New York and Paris; she had lived in a Swiss mountain hotel in winter, and in a salmon fisher's loghouse in Norway; she had yachted, bicycled, danced, golfed; she knew the delights of winter cock-shooting in the West of Ireland, and the gorgeous boredom of court functions in London. She had money and a fascinating manner, and knew the thrills of many proposads; and, a month before the date on which this chronicle opens, found herself formally engaged to be married.

I will not give away the adventurous man's name, as he is husband now of a far more suitable young woman, and I do not wish to disturb them. But I may say that he was a peer who played a good game of polo, owned three very fine houses, and had foreseen English predatory legislation so cleverly that he had practically all his capital invested beyond the reach of socialistic theft. Personally, I have always found him amusing, and so presumably did Miss Chesterman till she became engaged to him. But after that they apparently bored one another to the verge of tears. He, being a gentleman, played the engaged man's game down to the last comma; but she, towards the end of that month, became acutely miserable.

An uncle saved the situation. He was fishing for tarpon and catching sharks in the Panuco river at Tampico, and he wrote her a half joking invitation to come out and amuse her aunt. She cabled a frantic "Yes," rushed down to Southampton just in time to see the North German Lloyd boat put to sea, and within an hour had engaged a passage on the German tramp s.s. Rhein, then on the point of departure for Gulf ports with coal and general cargo.

From the safe harborage of the Rhein's stuffy saloon in Southampton water, she wrote the friendliest possible letter breaking off her engagement, and when this had been sent ashore by the pilot, set herself to study the manners and customs of that unknown animal, the German merchant seaman.

For a week Miss Chesterman found her new associates interesting. She marveled three times daily at the amount of knife-blade they could swallow at meals without cutting themselves; their martial bearing, their bows, and their taste for sentiment were all frankly amusing; but at the end of that week these things grew stale, and a general feeling of fastidious disgust filled her to the brim. (Those unfortunates who have met the German mariner at home on the high seas will be able to supply the details.)

There are moments when she thought she might have done worse than close with the offer so recently rejected. And she was in this frame of mind when she encountered Romance in the largest of capitals and (as she believed) for the first time in her life, in the person of Mr. Owen Kettle.

You are to imagine her leaning over the poop rail of the Rhein, and watching the battered lifeboat, that she herself had sighted, being callously left astern to perish in the desert of the sea. Any man or woman living, it would seem, would have been thrilled by the sight of that little ship's officer sitting there undaunted among his lean scarecrow crew with nothing else in sight but blue sky, blue Sargasso sea, and orange-yellow weed.

It had been a shock to her to find that the engineer took the whole as a matter of ordinary German routine. "German shipowners were in business to make dividends, not to waste time over saving the lives of competitors," was the view that Mr. McTodd took. And then she had turned her eloquence on the Scot, and had seen that acid northerner thaw out and deliberately risk the safety of the ship to do her pleasure.

Romance! She drew deep breaths as she thought of it. These were deeper waters than those she had known before, and as for the men that trafficked in them—well, at any rate they were men.

And then she had seen this Mr. Kettle, with nothing much else besides his bare hands and his personality, take possession of a big, well found, strongyl-manned steamer, and carry her off to do his pleasure in the teeth of all opposition. The man was something quite new to her, something full to the brim with primeval vigor. No wonder she fell in love with him. . . .

The coaling went on with noise, and dust, and orderly speed. The steamers rolled criss cross, but the Rhein's engines kept the lines taut and the bunches of coal bags went hopping merrily across from lower masthead to lower masthead to the boundless amazement of the flying fish. It is a nice operation, this coaling at sea, and none of the crew of the Norman Towers had ever witnessed it before. They were interested at first, and heartily sick of it before it was finished, but it was astonishing to note that no one complained of tiredness.

When Mr. Kettle returned on board they were one and all sunk in a slough of lethargy, and the process of waking up under his hard driving was painful to many of them. But the small mate was perfectly callous to their inclinations toward laziness, and even that chartered idler, the carpenter, was seen to carry out an order on the run when Mr. Kettle's trim shoe toe threatened him from the rear.

But at last the hungry bunkers were stored with sufficient fuel to steam the Norman Towers back to Liverpool, and crisp orders were given to knock off, and unrig the transporter.

In the meanwhile fires had been lighted under the cold boilers, and smoke trickled from the rusty stack. The escort of sea gulls recognized the omens and rose mewing from the water, ready to fly on with labored wing to that spot in midocean where the gulls from the Azores would take over the watch. The Norman Towers boat returned from the Rhein, bringing her people, bringing also, as Mr. Kettle noted with a queer thrill, Miss Violet Chesterman.

Tentatively he had offered the lady an alternative to the discomforts of the German boat, and (as we have seen), had ordered a state room for her in case she came. But it was not till she had seen him bring back energy and discipline to his old crew that she made up her mind to take the step which (as she was well aware), would probably cut her off from her own caste for the remainder of her life.

The German officers and crew still remained battened down in their own No. 1 hold, and the sole remaining occupant of the Rhein's outer decks was the Scots engineer. Him, Mr. Kettle, the Mate, hailed.

"You there, Mr. McTodd? Won't you come back in our boat? Captain Farnish would be very pleased to give you a passage back to Liverpool."

"I thank ye. But I'll stay where I've signed on."

"But, man, they'll eat you when you let them out of that hold.

"Man," bawled the Scot, wagging a discolored forefinger across the dark blue swells, "yon's a very humorous observe. It's just for the fun of seeing them try that I'm staying on. If ever you're down at Clydebank two months hence, ask for me there and you'll hear news of how these Dutchmen fancied their meal."

Miss Violet Chesterman drew a long breath as she listened. This manner of men was new to her experience. They might be many things, but at any rate she decided they were men.

CHAPTER VI.

Leads Up to Miss Dubbs.

Captain Farnish's appearance at sea has already been lightly described by the word "blowsy." Once out of soundings, he lived a life of slippered, unbuttoned, unshaven ease, complicated with (as has been hinted frequently), systematic attempts to keep away symptoms of malaria. But, once he had given orders to fly for a pilot, he bathed, he did mighty surgical deeds with a razor, and his steward was hugely busy over brushing the mold from boots and wearing apparel.

There was nothing of the popular idea of the mariner in Captain Farnish's shore rig. He wore a black tail coat and austere trousers; his waist coat was cut low (as if to show the edges of his economical shirt front), and displayed a fine gold stud and a pious black bow tie; and after he had taken his false teeth from the drawer in the chart table where they traveled when at sea, and clicked them in between his lips, he would have passed comfortably for a well-to-do grocer with strong Nonconformist tendencies.

He practiced a smile or two at himself in the looking glass to make sure his teeth were working correctly, shipped the square topped bowler hat which the steward reverently handed him, and went out on deck.

"Mr. Kettle, me man."

"Sir?"

"Good old smell, the Liverpool river, isn't it? Not an ounce of fever in a mile of it. Er—if you want to slip ashore before we dock, that'll be all right."

"I trust you'll allow me to take the foredeck as usual, sir."

"If you choose to remain on board," said Captain Farnish dryly, "I should say a boatswain's chair in a ventilator would be the healthiest spot for you. Just remember, me man, that that blame' Dutchman has had a week ashore at Tampico by this, and if he hasn't been making the cables hum, I'll swallow my ivories. It isn't as if we were in New York, where they always back their own side. You're in good old England now, Owen, me man, where, when a case comes on in the courts, the stipendiary and the papers always say the Englishman's wrong."

"You think it'll be a case of the police, sir?"

"I'm pretty sure of it."

"Ah!" said Mr. Kettle, the Mate, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I quite see what you're considering. Your idea is that you've done nothing to be ashamed of, and that when the police come you'll put up a fight that half Liverpool would pay sixpence a head to come and stare at. Well, in ordinary circumstances I'd be the last man to try and head you off—you having rights on your side, as we're agreed. But I want you to remember that you've got somebody else to consider now, and that's this Miss Chesterman you've been sparking so hard. I'll own up at once she's not my clip, but then I know quite well I'm the old style of shellback and you're the new. You like to sport a brass-edged uniform whether you're on shore or sea, and dam' well you look in it, me man. That ginger-colored torpedo beard sets you off well, too—makes you look a kind of breezy fellow that'd go anywhere to find a bit of trouble. And I don't see why you shouldn't marry the girl either. She should have money, by her accent; and, if you've sense, you'll cut the sea, and find an occupation ashore. If I were you, I'd go into the corn business. There's said to be money in it, and it's certainly genteel, if only you're in it in a big enough way."

"If ever I marry, I do not leave the sea. There'll be no question about that."

"You're young, and you've none depending on you. Wait till the kiddies begin to arrive, and then you'll wish you'd a nice quiet hen farm and a balance in the savings bank."

Now, Mr. Kettle, the Mate, had himself thought this matter out very thoroughly already. Like most officers of the mercantile marine, he was quite ready to stand up to all that came from either man or the elements on the face of the waters, but he had an instinctive dread and distrust for English law ashore.

The law (according to his view), was always on the side of the owner of the crew, and any officer who was dragged into court was disbelieved and insulted, and emerged from the ordeal with his certificate suspended or indorsed, and his future professional prospects eternally blasted.

Of course, too, if Captain Farnish appeared before a stipendiary magistrate or a Board of Trade inquiry, that disgusting mode of torture known as a cross-examination would inevitably bring to light items of his past history—connected with avoidance of malaria, for instance—and cause him to lose his present billet, and inevitably debar him from ever getting another. There is small demand these days for elderly shipmasters—none at all if they are known to have their failings.

Whether the German complained or not, the Norman Towers was long overdue, and underwriters would most certainly press for an inquiry even if owners were inclined to hush matters up. Somebody would have to be sacrified.

To Be Continued.

The Bagpipe.

Bagpipes have a strange attraction for all sorts and conditions of people. That enthusiastic highlander, Dr. Alexander Duncan Fraser, in his book, "Some Reminiscences and the Bagippe," tells how Henry Irving was lying seriously ill in a Glasgow hotel when a highland gathering was in progress in a room just below. He sent a message begging that the piper would play to him, which he did, marching up and down the passage outside the sick room. Then the great actor told the piper how, in his youth, he had played in Glasgow a piece called The Siege of Lucknow. His entry had been the signal for the pipes to strike up. "I shall never forget," he said, "the wave of enthusiasm that swept over that great audience as the first notes of the pipe fell upon their ears—the highlanders were coming; Jessie's dream was answered, and Lucknow was relieved. I have loved the pipes ever since."

Easter Island.

Easter Island, lying 2,000 miles west of the South American coast, in the South Pacific ocean, has been, ever since its discovery by Europeans, a most interesting archaeological puzzle, on account of its collosal stone statues, ruined stone houses and other remains of an unknown race. Petermanns Mitteilungen reports that a fresh attempt to solve the mystery of these remains has been undertaken by an English sportsman, W. Scoresby Routledge, who is proceeding to the island on a motor yacht, accompanied by a geologist and an archaeologist from the British museum.

A WOMAN'S PROBLEM

In the looking-glass a woman often sees wrinkles, hollow circles under eyes, "crow's feet,"—all because she did not turn to the right remedy when worn down with those troubles which are distinctly feminine. Backache, headache, pains, lassitude, nervousness and drains upon vitality—bring untold suffering to womanhood and the face shows it. The nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of

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THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1913.

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Watch the Ads

Blade advertisements are getting more interesting every week. It is to the reader's advantage to keep one eye on them. Don't miss any opportunities.

Climate and Chinamen are San Francisco's chief attractions.

There never was a state legislature that didn't adjourn some time.

The cat usually is about two hours ahead of the robin's morning song.

All tramps must be coffee drinkers. We never heard of one asking for a cup of tea.

One suffragist has been chided for flirting, and still the cause goes marching on.

There is some comfort in being an average man. He won't have to pay an income tax.

Some women dress to attract attention and then expect the men to look the other way.

Michigan suffragists have lost again. Never was there greater need for dauntless spirit.

Probably every man who is elected to a state legislature thinks he is on his way to congress.

The governor of Kansas has spoiled 14 newspaper men by appointing them to office.

Congressmen will have to do something now. The garden seeds they sent out will not save them.

Simplified spelling has made it easy for anybody to write a letter without worrying about his orthography.

President Wilson is getting a reputation for possessing a lot of common sense, but it won't hurt him.

If Mr. Bryan persists in working ten hours a day he will make himself unpopular among government clerks.

Not many men come around next day and say: "Beg your pardon, but that was a lie I told you yesterday."

Life insurance agents are not bothering the two men who say they are going to try to fly across the Atlantic ocean.

What has become of the old-fashioned middle-aged man with gray hair who used to dye his mustache black?

Not a single member of congress is reported to have gone to sleep while the President was delivering his tariff message.

An English court censured a man for selling his wife for $27,500. And yet probably that was all he could get for her.

We can't agree with the fellow who says that "paragraph writing is an art." To us it seems like using saw and hatchet.

Vice President Marshall says he dedicated himself to four years of silence, and he has been talking about it ever since.

If the tariff question should be settled this year what excuse would there be for having any more presidential campaigns?

We firmly believe that the English suffragettes could accomplish just as much for their cause if they would smile now and then.

"Let every husband tell his wife the truth," says Dorothy Dix. Can your fancy paint a picture of Dorothy's husband telling her the truth?

Champ Clark's re-election to the speakership will be a consolation to him, provided he can keep his mind off Mr. Bryan and the Baltimore convention.

Mr. Wilson seems determined to be another precedent-smashing President. It was Colonel Roosevelt who demonstrated that the people like that kind.

THE CHARMED LIFE.

When bombs are thrown, King Alfonso is just a few feet out of range. When assassins conspire to stab him, it happens that Alfonso has changed his uniform and passes the conspirators unrecognized. Not railroad wreck, nor falling horse, nor flying missiles of rioters, nor yet the bullets of anarchists have harmed one hair of the Spanish king's head. He leads the charmed life. The prospects are that Alfonso will be gathered to his fathers decently and decorously at a ripe old age, instead of being scattered to his fathers, as his enemies would have it.

MR. WILSON'S COURSE.

Presidents Washington and Adams had appeared before congress to read their messages. President Jefferson set aside the precedent thus established because it had come to be presumed that congress must at once take some course either of approval or in opposition to the recommendations the chief magistrate laid down. The change was made advisable, in Jefferson's judgment, by political conditions of the times and it was probably very far from his view that what he had done should serve as guidance for all Presidents who came after him.

Explaining his policy, Jefferson wrote to a friend:

By sending a message instead of making a speech, I have prevented the bloody conflict to which the making an answer would have committed them (the two branches of congress). They consequently were able to set into real business at once without losing ten or twelve days in combating an answer.

It is absurd to argue that President Wilson was restoring a Democratic custom by reading congress his message. By modern Democratic standards, Washington and Adams were far from being democratic in conviction. Jefferson, who broke with the custom, is, on the other hand, held as the patron saint of Democracy. Mr. Wilson wished only to establish a close personal contact between the executive office and congress, a contact which might, by some chance, assure the passage of measures upon which he had set his heart.

COLLECTING THE INCOME TAX.

The government will collect its income tax. There's little hope for tax-dodging there. As a collector of customs duties, corporation tax and excise taxes on liquor and tobacco, Uncle Sam is most persistent and inquisitive. When his due escapes him and he learns about it, he goes into the courts and makes a lot of trouble. It will work out that way with any who belittle the size of their incomes when questioned about it or called on to untie the purse strings.

Yet there will be many with taxable incomes who will attempt to keep the knowledge strictly to themselves. It will show in the hesitancy of the wealthy head of a household to have a display made of the goods he has accumulated, in a cessation of that boasting about money that one bears in the theatres, the hotel corridors and Pullman cars, in investments in small priced automobiles instead of those which fairly speak of money with every cough of the engine, perhaps in the very matter of apparel. Rather a thousand times would the average man stint himself than let the taxation machinery get its clutch upon a few of his dollars. He was that way in the beginning and until he is something better than just a little lower than the angels he will nourish a resentment against anything that smacks of taxes.

The painful thing about it is that hiding will not avail, stinting will not deceive. The federal government will find out all there is to know about incomes and take its share though men curse and women weep. The government is without fear or heart where there is a penny to which it has title.

POLITICS AND STRIKES.

The chief interest in the general strike, which is expected to tie up all industry in Belgium next week, lies in the fact that it has been made an international affair—the workers of France, Germany and Holland being linked with those of Belgium to bring about political changes which can benefit the Belgians only.

The history of general strikes, the aim of which is to impress or coerce the government, has been a history of failures. In France where the idea is most tenaciously held that relief for the burdens of wage earners can be obtained by political pressure as opposed to economic pressure, a general strike was shattered by the simple expedient of calling on the army reserves to guard public property, the reserves consisting largely of the strikers themselves. The commands of the government proved of far more influence with the workmen than the commands of their leaders.

The Belgian strike for two reasons may succeed where other general strikes have proved fiascos—because the legislation sought is easy to grant and because the promoters of the movement have enlisted help from outside their own country. The support of the French, Dutch and German workers is such support as strikers in this country obtain from their fellow unionists who themselves are not on strike. It is their granary, part of their war-chest. The course of the strike will be of exceeding interest throughout the world and upon its success or failure will largely depend whether anything of the kind will ever again be attempted.

SACRIFICING AMMUNITION.

Bombardment of congress with the shot and shell of petitions is possibly of service in providing the woman's suffrage movement with publicity, just as the suffrage parade in Washington spread the news and gave at least a slight measure of the earnestness of the suffrage leaders. It may well be doubted, however, if attempting to deal with congress does not constitute a waste of ammunition, if, indeed, it does not do the movement actual harm.

Woman suffrage has had a distinct advantage in that it could be promoted state by state. The work could be concentrated. The campaigns could be directly skilfully, as a general can do best when he disposes his soldiers over a small territory and need not weaken his forces by spreading them out thinly. The general is kept, too, in close touch with his armies and can seize quickly any accidental advantage which falls his way. So with the suffrage campaigners who devote themselves to conquering a state rather than attempting to bring the whole country into their way of thinking or seeking to awe the country's lawmakers. As the states go so will congress. When a sufficient number of states are won, it will be a comparatively simple matter to obtain the desired federal laws or bring about whatever constitutional changes are considered necessary.

Considering the fiasco the militants are making of the suffrage cause in England, it would seem good politics for the American suffragists to avoid any maneuver which resembles in the least the English methods. Add a little hat-smashing and hat-pin wielding and the tactics in Washington would be very much like the evolutions before the British parliamentary building. Contrast is what is wanted right now. This, it appears to us, is best obtained by sticking to the state campaigns.

A BILL FOR COMPROMISES.

It is spoken of as the "Democratic tariff bill." This is a very poor way to designate it. The name would be more nearly descriptive of its origin and its support if it were called a semi-Democratic bill.

For one has only to glance over the synopsis of the measure published in the press to see at once that anything like unanimous party endorsement for it can never be claimed. It steps on too many Democratic toes. It strikes at too many Democratic connections. It involves too many Democratic sections in its scissoring of protection to count upon wholehearted Democratic friendliness and—what is more to the point—upon Democratic votes.

Texas and other cattle and sheep raising states will not take kindly to the removal of all duties from meats. It was Senator Joseph Bailey, of Texas, who pointed out that the Democrats never had committed themselves to the lifting of tariff barriers against raw materials and Texas will probably seek to have that position reasserted upon the floors of the senate. Innumerable considerations made it urgent at the special tariff session of 1908 to remove the tariff from lumber. Yet the Democratic senator from Oregon supported the Aldrich lumber schedules, as did the Democratic senators from lumber producing regions of the south. That opposition to free lumber has not ceased to exist, but is even strengthened by the fact that one of the Democrats who voted for lumber duties is now chairman of the committee which will receive the tariff bill from the house and remold it to its own desires. The south is becoming a tremendous producer of coal. Will it say nothing while the duty is being taken from coal? Part of the south's recent prosperity is due to the iron ore deposits. Will it be idle while the duty is taken from iron ore? Louisiana Democrats have run for office as protectionists. The members of congress from that state will be found voting against free sugar in company with Republican members from sugar producing states of the north and west. In spite of the exposition of injustices in the wool schedule and their advertisement in the campaign, it is doubtful if Democratic members from sheep raising states, will all of them be found voting for free wool. The agricultural interests will make themselves felt before the schedules calling for duty-free meats, flour, potatoes and dairy products come up for discussion.

One cannot escape the conclusion that the tariff bill as it stands at present was framed with the expectation of making a great many concessions and compromises. It cannot be driven through unchanged because it cannot possibly command the majority of the votes of the majority party.

The bill that goes to the President will be mildly protective, not openly and frankly the tariff for revenue only bill it now poses as being.

OVER LICENSED.

Alfred Noyes, the English poet who is visiting this country, told a Philadelphia audience that the United States could bring about universal disarmament by disarming herself.

"The future lies with America," he said. "Let her lift the sublime torch of peace above the world and the nations of Europe will turn their eyes to it. To America will go the homage and reverence of all ages."

Mr. Noyes should be satisfied with the license of a poet and not ask us to grant a license to half of Europe on the east and Japan on the west to come over and adopt us.

THE CORPORATION SCHEME.

Upon their face, the shares of light and power companies incorporated in Ohio every year have a value of about $3,000,000; those of gas and oil companies, about $5,000,000; insurance companies, $1,500,000; transportation companies, $1,000,000; telephone companies, $300,000; manufacturing companies, $40,000,000, and companies of a miscellaneous nature, $30,000,000.

In March last, 230 companies, having a total capitalization of $12,213,900, were chartered by the secretary of state. Additions to the capital stock of corporations involved $11,146,000, on paper. Decreases in capital amounted to $7,146,000.

It is apparent that the "ragging" of campaign orators has not persuaded the people of Ohio that the joint stock scheme of doing business is a sin and a shame. The word corporation doesn't frighten folk nearly as much as might be supposed, considering how long it has been used as a term of reproach and as an excitant to trouble-making.

The corporation idea is as stuffed with imperfections as a bushel of potatoes with potatoes. But it is the most convenient form so far devised for putting capital to broad uses, providing means for small investment in large enterprises, and giving all investors a fairly easy means of disposing of their holdings when they need to, or desire to do so. Until some better form has been hit upon, the corporation will continue to serve. No amount of invective against it will cause its abandonment. The statistics of the secretary of state demonstrate that.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PATTERSONS

In Arthur Ruhl's account of the Dayton Flood, written for the Outlook, is a picture of the National Cash Register's work of rescue and organization of relief measures so striking that we here reprint so much of it as space permits:

The water had scarcely rolled over the city before the National Cash Register carpenters were pounding boats together. Boat-building was not their regular work, but that seemed to make no difference, and they turned out one every five minutes until two hundred had been built, manned and sent out to rescue people from house-tops and second-story windows. By Wednesday night a special National Cash Register train left New York, and two others followed on Thursday and Friday. The president of the company himself was made chairman of the relief and citizens' committees and almost dictator of the town.

There appeared to be nothing to which this factory and the men connected with it could not be effectively turned at a moment's notice. There was a place for everything and a placard to tell you where it was and how to get there. Among the buildings is a huge ten-story structure used ordinarily for the executive and clerical force and the company's welfare work. This building has a large dining room and kitchen, bedrooms and bathrooms, rest-room and gymnasium. Two thousand five hundred people were fed here for days, exclusive of the ordinary relief work, and well fed, and served by waitresses in uniform without hurry or delay. As many slept in the building, the more fortunate as comfortably as in the best city hotel.

The sight of the place, alight and humming, with scores of automobiles rumbling and smoking about it, was, to those coming up from the dismantled city, a constant wonder. On one floor newspaper correspondents were pounding out stories to all the world; on another, in the hospital quarters, babies were being born or flood sufferers fighting pneumonia; on another heaps of clothing sorted out and sprayed with disinfectants before distribution; away up near the roof mothers with children and toothless old women dozed in rocking-chairs, while pianos pounded out ragtime or church hymns.

Just what such an oasis means is difficult to realize unless one has had the experience of a city literally without food, water, light, or the means of getting about. At the National Cash Register plant you might have thought you were at a political convention or in some jolly exposition hall. There was food for every one, coffee and sandwiches at every turn, distilled water in individual paper cups.

To step from the silent, sodden city into this humming Babel, where everything seemed to be had for the asking, was like stepping from the infernal regions to one of those sanitary socialistic Utopias pictured by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. Ruhl tells then of the cloud which hangs over the Cash Register plant and of the ordeal which faces its master spirit.

Only this—and here was the piquant interest of the thing—was the very apotheosis of centralized, one-man power. The National Cash Register is, in a peculiarly complete sense, an expression of the somewhat eccentric genius of one man—an industrial captain just come from being sentenced, along with a number of the keen, devoted, capable men working day and night here in relief work, to a term in prison for violating the anti-trust laws. No novelist or playwright trying to picture the drama of modern business ever devised anything more ingeniously dramatic—this heroic use of efficiency. It was almost a sort of throwing down of the gauntlet—"So this is what you are trying to punish!"—those great, bright, humming National Cash Register buildings seemed to say.

The crimes which men of the Patterson stamp are charged with committing are purely modern crimes—crimes it would not have occurred to anyone to charge against the industrial captain or the business leader of a half century ago. They are, in fact, what has been called social crimes, in that everyone is responsible for them, concerned in their doings, splattered in some degree with their wrongs and benefited to the degree that each individual has been able to manage it. They have not been called crimes until practices as old as trade itself were carried out upon a huge scale and, where individuals had suffered oppression, society as a whole had begun to feel them.

In righting the wrongs, the tendency has not been to correct and regulate business practices so that the crimes could no longer be committed, but rather it has been the raising of a hue and cry against the Morgans and the Harrimans and the Pattersons. The public has asked for blood, as the Roman public in the Coliseum shouted for blood.

In the same issue of the Outlook, is an editorial on the death of J. Pierpont Morgan, which closes:

The great industrial problem of the day for this country is to discover a way in which feudalism in industry and finance, however benevolent, may be abolished, and yet the energy, initiative public spirit and administrative ability of such men as Mr. Morgan may be preserved for the service of society.

The constructive quality of the captains of industry is far too valuable to this country that it should be suppressed, dwarfed and locked away in county jails and federal prisons. If all of it has not been used for the benefit of the country, it is the country's fault far more than the fault of the individuals possessed of executive ability and constructive imagination. The method must be found to utilize these gifts of strength and courage and efficiency for the good of all. To pursue men who are successful simply because conditions—for which all are responsible—make their success possible is to destroy one of the nation's most wonderful resources. It is to lose, not to gain.

The problem of what to do with the Cash Register institutions is not for the courts. It is for the nation.

A congressman always takes a chance. There's the probability that the seeds he sends out won't grow.

TO AVOID "MIDDLE AGE"

London Mail.

How to remain young and escape the disadvantages of "middle age" will be explained by Dr. Josiah Oldfield, the food expert, at the Simple Life Exhibition to be held in Caxton Hall, Westminster.

"There ought to be no such thing as 'middle age,'" he said. "If a man lives properly, he can carry the spirit of youth to the end of his days. I am on the way towards 90, but I feel entirely young. The secret is simple. A man must submit himself to mental and physical discipline and eat wisely and not too well."

Dr. Oldfield's rules are:

Think big thoughts and cling to noble ideals.

Live on the fruits of the highest minds.

Do not waste time over petty things and do not take narrow views.

Take fruits, vegetables, oils, pure wines, eggs, butter, milk and bread. Avoid shoddy, second-hand food of all kinds.

Bathe every morning and rub the skin hard with a towel.

Change underclothing every 24 hours.

Know yourself.

Monkey and Cobra

MANY animals exhibit remarkable sagacity when dealing with snakes. Naturalists assure us that an intelligent puppy knows, somehow, that snakes may be venomous and treats them accordingly. If he attacks a snake he does it with a series of quick jumps and recoils, and continually jerks his head upward to avoid a possible dart from the serpent.

A horse kills a snake by leaping upon it with all four feet kept together, so that the snake's fangs can find nothing but the horny hoof to strike into. The knowledge of these special tactics is a part of the instinct of all animals.

There is on record an interesting example of how a monkey treats a snake, says Harper's Weekly. In this case the serpent was of the most deadly variety—the cobra. This cobra was coiled upon the ground under a tree. The monkey slowly left his perch in the forks of the tree, and quietly, with great caution, moved downward until he had approached within about two feet of the reptile.

He moved his head from side to side, as if closely inspecting the object before him. Then he took a firmer hold of the tree with one arm and wrapped his tail closely around the trunk.

He reached forth with his hand until it was within six or eight inches of the snake, and then quickly withdrew it. The witness who observed this curious scene was for a time in doubt whether the monkey had a realization of the dangerous character of its adversary. The little fellow seemed unknowingly to be playing with death.

The hand of the monkey again moved toward the venomous reptile. It looked as if the monkey was going to seize the snake. The supposition was correct, for suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the monkey grasped the cobra around the neck, close to the head in such manner that it could not bite, while the snake's body encircled the monkey's arm.

An extraordinary scene followed. The snake hissed loudly, the monkey chattered and screeched and danced and leaped in frantic delight. He would cease now and then in his wild contortions and seriously examine the snake's head and eyes and protruding tongue. Then he would dance about again.

When he had enough of this sport he began to rub the head of the serpent on the hard ground, continuing this work for some time, with repeated solemn inspections of the progress of his task. Finally, he had rubbed the head of the cobra entirely off. Then with much gleeful chattering he dropped the writhing body and scampered away to join his companions.

Is Part of the Bible Fiction?

Lyman Abbott in the Outlook Magazine.

I HOLD that the Bible is a collection of Hebrew literature; that it contains law, history, folklore, drama, fiction, poetry, political orations, religious orations, ethical culture addresses. I hold that it is a more divine book because it is a human book, and larger in its range of inspiration because it speaks through every faculty and to every faculty. It would be difficult to find any short stories in literature superior to the books of Ruth and Esther, or any epic poem characterized by profounder genius than the poem of Job, or any ethical culture writings more frank in their elucidation of human experience than the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, or any folklore more naive than the Elisha stories and the Daniel stories, or any satirical fiction more keen and cutting than the Book of Jonah.

I did not always think so. When I held the narrower view of the Bible, I read and interpreted Ruth, Esther, Daniel, Jonah, as histories. Now in my private reading and my public ministry I read them as fiction. It is not necessary always to say, this is history, or this is fiction, but it is necessary always to answer with absolute frankness the question of the child who asks you for your opinion; and it is always necessary that that answer should not be tainted with the least suspicion of reserve, hesitation or insincerity.

What a Mixture Is Human Nature

Tid Bits.

CONSIDER again the wild mixtures of thought, displayed both in the waking life and the dreams of mankind. How grand! how mean; how sudden the leap from one to the other! how inscrutable the succession! how defiant of orderly control! It is as if the soul were a thinking ruin; which it verily is. The angel and the demon life appear to be contending in it. The imagination revels in beauty exceeding all the beauty of things, wails in images dire and monstrous, wallows in murderous and base suggestions that shame our inward dignity; so that a great part of the study and a principal art of life, is to keep our decency, by a wise selection from what we think and a careful suppression of the remainder. A diseased and crazy mixture, such as represents a ruin, is the form of our inward experience. And yet, a ruin how magnificent, one which a buried Nineveh, or a desolate Thebes can parallel only in the faintest degree; comprehending all that is purest, brightest, most divine, even that which is above the firmament itself; all that is worst, most sordid, meanest, most deformed.

Sunday School

WHEN A MAN FACES HIS PAST

International Sunday School Lesson for April 20 Is, "Jacob's Meeting With Esau." Gen. 32-3-33:17.

(By William T. Ellis.)

There comes a time in nearly every man's life when he is brought up suddenly face to face with his own past. That is a decisive hour, a tremendous experience for weal or woe. A recent magazine poem recited how a young man, who had "sown his wild oats," underwent this experience when his first child was born, and he was punished not only in his own soul but in the lives of his wife and baby for his past. There are other pictures, fairer to look upon, of men who in this hour of crisis find themselves free and happy, because of the integrity of their past living has summoned up its armies for reinforcement. Some time or other everybody will be sustained or smitten by the life he has lived.

The most eventful hour in the life of the patriarch Jacob was when his once victorious cunning confronts him and he saw that it had become his enemy. All his guile was then futile to save him from the vengeance he deserved. The brother whom he had foully wronged was able to strike him a blow that neither wealth nor subtlety could avert. In this extremity only God could help him. The night of wrestling that followed saw the end of the old Jacob. He won a new character and a new name at Jabbok. The story is like one of the testimonies heard in a rescue mission, of a man made over by meeting with God. It is a study in human nature, as well as in divine providence.

Getting Right With the World.

The great business of human adjustment, the establishment of correct relationships with one's brother man, is really at center a matter of getting right with the Father of us all. Jacob became reconciled to Esau after he had been reconciled to Jehovah. The shortest way to clear up the social problems of our time is for men to get on true terms with God. The only abiding basis for the solution of our day's teeming perplexities is this. New legislation may do much, but only a sense of man's obligation to God will hold men true to those ideals by which alone society can be kept pure and strong and safe.

This is the meaning of Jacob's crisis. His night of wrestling at Jabbok is a dramatic rendering of the old lesson of getting right with God. Jacob was torn by conflicting emotions. He was frankly scared. He had reached his limit. Messengers reported that a little farther on his wronged brother Esau was aproaching with a force of 400 men. How could a reconciliation be effected? The self-examination that ensued brought Jacob face to face with God.

A Crafty Man's Education.

That night of wrestling, one of the most memorable incidents in the Bible, transformed Jacob's character. He clung to the heavenly visitant, entreating a blessing. When he ceased to struggle and yielded himself to the angel, in token of surrender of his proud and selfish will, he was given the coveted blessing. The new man won a new name. Old Jacob was slain that night, and in his body arose a new prince whose name was called Israel.

There is one education which comes from books, and there is a higher education which grows out of a great spiritual experience. The civil war was a school of manhood for myriads of American boys. In the experience of a great love many a man comes to his height. Conversion often does for a person's character what the schools have failed to do. Jacob failed to benefit by the education of home and business. His real diploma was won at Jabbok. The lesson of life, which interprets all other lessons, is that in submitting to God and in dependence upon Him victory is won.

The Guile of the East.

We blunt and direct occidentals find difficulties in this story of the meeting of Jacob and Esau. We rather revolt from the sycophancy and guilt of it all. That Jacob should fear the man whom he had wronged we clearly understand; it is easier to forgive the man who has wronged us than the one to whom we have done an injury. Yet, somehow, we cannot understand Jacob's way of going about reconciliation.

Be it remembered that the whole episode was oriental. The elaborate gifts to placate Esau, the seven-fold prostrations, the flowery compliments, all can be paralleled today almost anywhere in Asia. Even in my limited experience in the Orient, I have known a servant seeking mercy to fling himself on his face and clasp my feet. Again and again Chinese have knocked their heads on the ground before me. An Indian Mahommedan, seeking help to get to Mecca, bowed low and kissed the hem of my overcoat. The ways of the east have endured for milleniums, and Jacob was but following the recognized usage of his land and time when he sought favor by gifts and by humility.

Winning Over an Enemy.

Jacob sent rich presents to meet his brother, dividing them into five installments, each better than the one that had gone before. The cumulative effect of this upon Esau's mind needs no psychologist for its explanation. Then Jacob divided his company and his possessions into two parties, with his favorite wife and son in the most protected place. When finally he came up with Esau and had prostrated himself seven times before his brother, he pressed upon him the gifts. The incident illustrates the Master's word, "Make to yourself friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness."

True to his younger nature, Esau the impulsive, the heedless, the generous, readily forgave his brother. He could be wheedled out of his vengeance as easily as he had been wheedled out of his birthright. The two were reconciled. Jacob's danger was safely past. He was at peace to settle in the home of his fathers, in the land of promise. Thenceforth we see no more of the shrewd, crafty, selfish Jacob. He had become Israel, a prince, and the founder of a nation.

The Land of the Daughter

London Spectator.

IT is said that a young daughter is a very real asset to every public man in America. "Dr. Woodrow Wilson is to be congratulated on the possession of a daughter," we read the other day in the columns of one of our contemporaries. The lack of this desirable asset is a drawback, we are assured, to the popularity of politicians. America is no doubt the paradise of debutantes; it is the land of the daughter. In the older countries they are not quite so much heard of. It is not long ago since they were very little heard of indeed. In the ancient East they are still—conventionally, at any rate—considerably under-valued. They make up for it in a measure when they come to be mothers and, later still, mothers-in-law. American sentiment, playing round the relation of parent and child, as universal sentiment must always play, has set the daughter in front of the picture. It is a new expression of chivalry. A great part of the Western world has ceased to express reverence for women through the medium of religion. Protestantism does not admit the possibility of divine femininity. The emotion which found expression in a dogma has flowed into other channels. The Puritans, when they divested women of the worship once symbolically offered them, gave something very great in return.

Ode to the Brave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy's hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung!
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!
—William Collins.

To Keep Matches Dry.

Outing Magazine.

A novel method of carrying matches on one's person in the wet without having them become soaked is described by Jack Welch. His description is to immerse a box of safety matches in paraffin until a solid cake is formed out of which a match may be broken when desired. When the match is scratched the coating of "waterproof" is rubbed off its tip and also off the composition abrasive on the box, thus permitting the match to ignite. This is a simple expedient which will be sure to appeal to all woodsmen—professional or amateur.

Going down town today?
If so, make a note that you want to get a tin or two of extra good tobacco.
Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO
It's the kind of tobacco that makes you happy. Such a refreshing smoke, so altogether good that once you try it you'll never want to smoke anything but Velvet.
You can now get this splendid tobacco from any tobacco dealer in the country, so why shouldn't you enjoy the best—the tobacco that will not bite your tongue.
Get Velvet today and see the wonderful difference it will make in your pipe pleasure.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Handy 5-cent Bags
Full size 2-ounce tin
10c
Also in one-pound glass humidor jars.
Velvet
TOBACCO

VARIETIES

Japan expects a bumper tea crop.

Uruguay imports much paper and sirup from the United States.

Panama reports increase of mosquitos, once almost entirely exterminated.

This country employs $00,000 women in its industries.

Chicago has a skyscraper with a golf course on its twelfth floor.

In proportion to population Russia has the fewest physicians of any country.

Rome's palace of justice, planned to cost $1,500,000, has already absorbed $20,000,000.

The level made of aluminum is lighter and more reliable than of wood. It does not warp.

Uruguay will establish a public stockyard and nineteen public slaughter houses.

The United States last year imported 153,000,000 pounds of cocoa, the greatest amount on record.

There are 180 known lepers in the United States, 56 of them in Pacific coast states.

Pupils in some of the primary schools of the Philippine islands make their own desks and tables.

The lard used in the United States in a year would fill a pail 295 feet in diameter and 334 feet deep.

A number of prominent scientists are members of a German society for the elucidation of the divining rod.

The Russian government has sent a commission to the United States to study refrigeration for food products.

Portland, Ore., has a population of more than 265,000, according to the unofficial estimates of the 1913 city directory.

New York's spring cleanup under direction of the health officer will compel whitewashing of all cellars in the city.

A Frenchman has succeeded in flying with an aeroplane driven by flapping wings instead of a propeller.

Battleships of the United States navy will be equipped to assist city fire departments in fighting fires near water fronts.

Don Pedro Robie, of Columbia, has invented a typewriter capable of writing syllables instead of single letters.

New York has 46 traffic accidents every three months for each 100,000 of population, while Buffalo has 58.

Recent corrections in maps of Greece land have added about 150,000 square miles to its area.

Dan R. Hanna has offered $10,000 to Western Reserve university, to found a department of journalism.

An extensive exposition held in Paris in December as devoted exclusively to acetylene apparatus.

The greatest ocean depth yet measured, a point 40 miles north of the Philippine islands of Mindanao, is 32,088 feet deep.

The gospels have been printed in Japan in three little known dialects for circulation among the aborigines of western China.

Washington's city directory, by a curious blunder, lists both W. H. Taft and Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States.

Spokane's dog pound gives away dogs every Wednesday to persons paying city license fees.

Montreal expects to see about 40,000,000 worth of new buildings constructed this year.

The single phase system for electrification of railroads in preference to the third rail has been adopted by the Swiss government.

Five hundred marriage licenses were issued in one day in Philadelphia recently. On the same day 60 divorces were granted.

Experiments with a German war dirigible have shown that it is possible to drop 1,320 pounds of explosives while in flight without disturbing the balloon's equilibrium.

In the state of Washington recently a strong wind blowing over the snow-covered earth rolled up thousands of snow balls, some of them as large as barrels and resembling huge rolls of cotton batting.

Watermelon seeds in China are worth $5 gold for each hundred pounds and pumpkin seeds are worth $3.25 a hundred pounds. These seeds are served at Chinese dinners as salted almonds are served in America.

Receiving the power from a gasoline engine, a machine invented by a California man draws grasshoppers into a cage by suction as it is driven through his vineyard.

There were 69,000 patents applied for in America last year. Only 35,000 patents were granted. Of these only 500 will get to the manufacturing stage and be a source of income to the inventor.

The trailing arbutus will be the state flower of Pennsylvania if the request of the Merion (Pa.) chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is acceded to.

Strange used are being found for some of the queues lately cut off in vast numbers by the Chinese. A British woolen manufacturer recently received an offer of five tons of such hair for weaving into woolen fabrics.

Two wild swans have been shot at Deeping, near Peterborough. Once fairly numerous in the fens, such birds have become extremely rare since the drainage of the great Whittlesey mere.

A million dollar hotel for working girls and women employed in downtown stores is the aim of a movement started by the Chicago chapter, D. A. R.

To enable playgoers to read their programs in darkened theatres an English inventor has placed a storage battery light in an opera glass case.

In the height of the Mississippi river floods last year the flow was 2,300,000 cubic feet a second, or 12 times the amount of water that passes over Niagara Falls.

Panama is more healthful than ever. The last report by Colonel Gorgas shows that the average death rate among employes for 1912 was only 7.14 per 1,00, as against 10.42 in 1911 and 45.73 in 1905.

An English capitalist has been in the Philippines in quest of 25,000 or 30,000 acres for a cocoanut plantation, but as so large a tract is difficult to obtain he is reported to have got five thousand acres on the island of Lapac.

An Atlantic violin maker has fashioned a violin of exquisite tone from the wood of an old fashioned bedstead which he found in an antique shop. The bedstead was 150 years old and has been the property of a famous southern family. The artisan recognized the rare qualities of the wood and bought it.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

Pin Money Suggestions

I wish to offer a suggestion to those willing to earn money who live in communities where beans are raised. Nearly all farmers hire their beans hand picked, and pay from three to four cents a pound when the dirt and waste beans are taken out, and with a good machine one can earn from 50 cents to $1.00 a day at home. The machine should run with a wheel, not clamps, and costs about $6.00 new, but one can often get a second hand one. This is not unpleasant work, and the most profitable home employment I know of.—O. L., Michigan.

I will pass along my plans for making Pin Money. I sell glove patterns, foot warmer patterns, fancy cushion patterns, quilt block patterns and the old time set-on quilt patterns, and can make them so that just one flower pot will make the whole quilt. I crochet doilies or edging for towels, dresser scarfs or pillow cases. Also sell flowers, house plants and dahlias. I sell a household lecture called "Save Half." Now, if any one is interested in any of these, my name and address can be known by writing the Editor. Always send self-addressed and stamped envelope for particulars.—W. S. O.

I have been a reader of The Blade for several years. I like the Peace Page. I have been sick for seven years and could not do hard work. I have raised a flock of chickens each year and made my spending money and some more besides. We are going to move to town this spring and I will have to give up my chickens.

I thought some reader of the Peace Page might send me a "mail order plan" that I could start for a few dollars and make some money. I would appreciate this or any other plan that I could use.—C. E. L. Athens, O.

I make my pin money by taking orders for copying photo post cards from photographs, tintypes, proofs, stamps, etc. My work is guaranteed and prices far below those charged at studios, so I get many repeat orders. I will gladly tell anyone that has any spare time how to earn extra dollars by this method. Enclose return postage when writing. Also do developing and printing from films or plates at very low prices.—Mrs. E. H., Montana.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for Health, Happiness and Good cheer.

Dear Sisters of the Peace Page—

With this issue the suffrage letters, for or against, will be discontinued for a time at least. I have tried to give equal space to either side, so that you might feel free to speak your minds both ways for the benefit of the common thought.

There are plenty of woman questions still before us, and it will give fresh inspiration to our page if we present other letters of interest on the vital topics which interest all women of the present day.

May we not have some letters on the daughters in the home?

What is being done for the girl of your household, who has the daily dreams of youth? Is she having enough recreation that is wholesome? Is her mother meeting her young friends, especially the young men who come to see her? Is she going on long drives alone with anyone of these young men? What time does he leave the home after his regular calls. So many vital questions confront the mothers of girls. Let us have helpful letters.

MARTHA HOLDEN.

HOME FURNISHING LETTER

Home is to me the dearest word in the dictionary. The sweetest place on earth. But sad the fact, not always the happiest place, even for the ones who make home what it ought to be. It takes a pull all together in love and harmony. I think the personality of the members make or mar the home feeling more than discord of furnishings. My view is home—not house. Am I on the right track for this subject, are both to be included? My little home contains many home-made comforts, but I think every one ought to have the things they like, within their means. We all can have some flowers and plants. I do not think men are driven to drink always on account of poor housekeeping or want of home cheer. I do not mean to preach just to "spress" myself; and join hands with the home makers. Now I will listen to some of the rest, and not speak unless called. My best room is a living room. It contains a lamp and books on the table. I have no parlor.—Just Plain Mary.

Let us have more of these good home letters.—M. H.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

Dear Blade Friends—I have been a silent reader of The Blade for some time and have been tempted from time to time to write but could not pick up sufficient courage to do so until lately I read a letter in The Blade, written by Earnest Myrtle of Kentucky, and entiled "A Bachelor on Woman Suffrage." As I have been reading letters from different parties on this subject, it seems to me their opinions are about equally divided. I have been doing some thinking myself and I am going to thank my bachelor friend right here for explaining my own thoughts on the suffrage question, for he could not have done better if I had dictated his letter for him. I suppose some will say now, "She is against woman suffrage." That is exactly what I am. I can't think it a woman's place to go out on big political tours and make speeches. If they do they are sure to be insulted or have hard things said about them, and I cannot sympathize with a woman or a man if they are out of their place.

Jesus Christ gave women the same right to become his followers as he did men. Therefore, if they will first become true Christians, I think they will have all they can do, without going to the polls. I am the mother of two little boys and instead of me going to the polls to vote I am going to risk praying for them and try by the help of God to raise them in the right way. Then perhaps they may sometimes help to make better laws if we need better. I can't say that we do. I am persuaded to believe that our thoughts should be placed more on heavenly things and not so much on the world. Perhaps some may think I talk a little plain. Well, I cannot help being a plain woman. I do not mean to wound anyone's feelings, but I mean to get women to think if I can, where their place and duty is.—M. J. M., W. Va.

A BUSY WOMAN

Dear Readers of the Cozy Corner—This is my first venture to write the Cozy Corner. I want to say how very much I enjoy reading the many good letters, the descriptive ones of travel and of the early settlers are very interesting. I love so well to read of the homes in the mountains and of the country. It also gives one a good idea of the different states. I live in the city of Omaha and have plenty to keep me busy, as I like to keep my home nice. I have four children to care for and if house plants can be called a hobby, then the care of them and seeing how many different kinds I can get is one. I think we can have quite a number of hobbies, for I like to read and to do fancy work. My two boys have a hobby—raising pigeons.—Mrs. J. F. B., Omaha.

Before this letter appears, Mrs. J. F. B. will have passed through the dread experience of a cyclone in her city. Let us hope she did not suffer thereby.—M. H.

GOOD ADVICE

I had a great sorrow once, to which I gave up, thinking I was the only one, or at least mine was the worst sorrow any one could have, and I made myself and family miserable. Then as I grew older I found that to bury your griefs and sorrows was the best way to comfort, and if I was called upon to lose a child, as I then did, and I only have one left, that I am sure I should put away from my thought all that I could to keep the grief hidden, and live to comfort the living. If Eliza H., of Indiana, will try to do this she will gain strength and comfort and be a blessing to others.—C. M., Pierpont Manor, N. Y.

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In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

CHEROKEE'S PSALM OF LIFE.

I love the song of the farm and real farm life. The farm is the ideal place and farm life the only real life where one can be natural and natually live as one wants to.

Let us hear from more of you farmer people. Your letters are interesting to us all. Tell us of the farm, of the pure air, of the horseback rides, of the birds' sweet song, of the wild flowers, etc.

We cannot really enjoy these things in our condition, however, we love to hear from those who have them as a possession.

Once they were ours by right of possession, but we sold them as it were for "a mess of pottage." We have vowed to indulge ourselves this spring so far as to wander far enough from civilization to gather a few violets at all hazards.

Let us live this year with higher motives, onward and upward be our motto.

Our town is improving all the time and our preacher laughingly says, "It is the hub of all creation." I am so glad that our wise Creator made so many pleasant things in this world they far out-balance the unpleanant ones. Now people, take them as a rule, you find a thousand pleasant ones to one unpleasant one.

Sometimes you can be pleasant and nice to the unpleasant ones, and they lose the unpleasantness in the warmth of your smiles.

One beautiful thought:

God cares for his children now just as tendrly as He did for Noah in the ark in the long ago time.

Well good bye with love from "Cherokee Girl."

Cherokee Girl believes with Robert Louis Stevenson:

The world is full of a number of things;
I'm sure we should all be happy as kings.

A THOUGHTFUL YOUTH

Dear M. G. R.'s—For an extensive period I have read divers opinions of the "cousins" upon the subject of "How to Be Happy."

The first step we must take is to gain as many friends as possible. This we can do by being kind, merciful, sympathetic and accommodating, always willing to lend a helping hand, just in dealings, and showing clemency at every opportunity. Doing good does not always imply quoting scripture, because doing good is indicated by benevolence, friendship and a general good will.

Nature also is charming to the oppressed, the singing of birds, the babbling of brooks, the rushing of rivers, the genial spring and the generous autumn. Who can look upon all these without having a sensation of rapture? Who can look upon the infinnite depths of the starry firmament and say it possesses no glory? So is life; we can not be kind, wise and benevolent during life without reaping seven-fold for each kind word or action.

Justice should be our sponsor at all times; but to many of us will come the visions of fields of mercy and fields of wisdom ungleaned and ungarnered.

I am 18 years of age and the aforesaid vow is my determination and ambition.—Loyal Wolverine.

FROM CALIFORNIA

Dear Friends—I live in California, in a little town in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. There are two large quarries here which are known all over for their fine stone. We have a fine climate, as it is never very cold. While the flowers are in full bloom now, you have only to open the door and look at the distant mountains, which are covered with snow.

I am very fond of reading and sewing. My mother died when I was quite young. We lived back in Maine then and I had to come to California for my health. When I came out here I was ten years old and only weighed 52 pounds. Now I am 16 and I weigh 141 pounds. Well, I'm not going to make you tired, but I have wanted to enter the Peace page for quite awhile.—A Rosebud from California.

ADVANTAGES OF OZARK REGION

Having noticed a letter in the Blade asking for information in regard to the Ozark country in Missouri and Arkansas, I will give you a short description. I am in Arkansas, among the Boston mountains. They are a part of the Ozark system. Washington county is in the northwest part of the state. Now for the advantages. Pure air, the best of clear, soft, spring water, the best of firewood in abundance to be had for the cutting, lumber cheap, the best of fruit grows here, almost anything will grow. I came here from the north nearly 12 years ago and was nearly dead with a bronchial trouble. The climate cured it without medicine. The water here is good for people who are afflicted with gravel; people who live here are not troubled that way that I ever heard of. Flowers and vegetables are of the finest. It is a good country for poultry, which generally brings a good price.

There are sulphur springs here among the mountains. The scenery is fine in some places and there are caves in the mountains. Disadvantages: Stony roads, steep ascents of course, among mountains. Wood ticks in timber and chiggers for six weeks in summer. Soil is not deep, as in some other parts of the world, and many farms here have been "covered to death," but where people have farmed right they raise crops. There will be fruit this year, apples and peaches and plums and pears, and blackberries grow in great abundance everywhere.—Mrs. A. D., Arkansas.

THE POTOMAC FALLS

Great Falls, on the G. F. & Old Dominion railway, 14 miles above Georgetown, the largest south of Niagara, are great by nature and of historical interest. Here Washington built a flour mill and foundry, now in ruins; and around it a canal, still intact, though overgrown with large trees. Rushing through channels of solid rock to boil amid boulders, terrific in their jagged roughness, the Potomac plunges in rapids, cascades and spray to the awe-inspiring gorge below, whose Titanic walls of granite picture Nature's mightiest Mood.—Mrs. A. M., Va.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Show This to Mother, Boys and Girls.

Dear Friends—I read Rosa Belle's letter and I can sympathize with her, for I am the oldest sister at home and have five little brothers and sisters to take care of; the baby is four years old.

My mother died Nov. 2, 1911, and my oldest sister married and left me to keep house. My father is crippled. For pets I have a cow and 45 Rhode Island Red chickens and also a fine pig that weighs about 200 pounds. I am very lonely and would like some post cards to cheer me, and if I don't have time to answer them all by mail, I will answer them in The Blade, as I am very busy all the time.

Will some good mother write me a good letter and cheer me a little. We live 1 1-2 miles from town. I like the country best, as I was raised in the country. If any of The Blade friends know any orphan songs I would like them to send them to me.

Please do not forget to send me some cards.—Razia Ball, Marshall, N. C., R. F. D., 1.

A Big Family, Indeed.

I live by the Susquehanna river, three miles from Standing Stone. You probably read about it in the Blade of January 2. My hobby is music and out-of-door sports, chiefly swimming and skating. I would like to see all of the Blade Boys and Girls. I think there would be quite a family of us, don't you?—Jay Cole, Macedonia, Pa.

A Busy Child.

I like to write little stories that I make up myself. I also love to read books and to practice on the piano. I help mamma by helping wash dishes, making my bed, sweeping the floor and other things. In the summer I take care of little chickens and help in the hayfield. Your little friend and Blade reader — Leora Swaney, Edinboro, Pa.

An Interesting Place.

We live one-fourth of a mile from the Alum Rock, named on account of the alum oozing out of the rock in the summer. The rock is about 150 feet high and the water falls from the top, making beautiful scenery. During the first month of our school our teacher takes us to the Alum Rock. We always have a time climbing up to the alum and gathering pebbles and shells along the Clarion river. Before all the nice shade trees and timbers were taken off it was a lovely place for picnics, and a great many camp meetings were held there. But now it is no good for the many rattlesnakes that have been killed there.—Meredith Kissinger, Alum Rock, Pa., R. D. No. 1.

A New Mexico Girl.

Dear Blade Readers—This is the first time I have written for the Peace Page. I enjoy reading your letters very much.

My home is in New Mexico, but I am visiting in Indiana this winter. I like New Mexico very much. We have lived there about five years. In the summer we live on our farm near Des Moines. We spend our winters in Tucumcari. It is great fun to go mountain climbing in the summer.

Kiowa Springs is a lovely place about four miles from our home. The spring is situated among the hills and lovely trees and wild flowers grow there.

There is a school house two miles from us and one three miles, but I go to school in town.—A New Mexico Girl.

P. S.—If the readers of The Blade want me to, I will write a description of my trip to Old Mexico.

I am sure we should all enjoy it.—Martha Holden.

Notice, Little Wolverines.

We have a little canary bird which was brought from the south when it was only three weeks old. Its name is Jerusha. I have a little friend whose name is Gladys, who is in the same grade as I. The teacher calls us twins. I like to skate very well. I think I fall more than I skate, though. I like to see riddles on the Peace Page. I wish I could see some letters from Michigan. I think it would be nice to have a motto for the Blade Boys and Girls, but as this is my first letter I do not want to choose.—Hazel, of Mich.

Brothers Who Tease.

I go to school every day that I can and enjoy it, too. I am in the first year of high school. I have two brothers, both younger than I. They are very mischievous. They sometimes hide behind doors and jump and scare me. I'm sure they will agree with Walter Dixon about dish-washing, for they do not like to help wash them. I have no sisters and get lonesome sometimes. I help mamma cook, sew, iron and anything I can do. I like to sew just fine, but am not large enough to do much machine work yet. Come on with more riddles. I like them. I like to read stories. I would rather read than eat, except when I'm hungry. Now before I close I'm going to ask you to give me a post card shower. I have read of so many asking I'm afraid my request will not be welcome. I will appreciate them so much. With the very best of love for all—Fannie G. Croker, Trinity, N. C.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Another Canadian boy, V. M. W., he signs himself, says the thermometer registered 8 degrees below zero some times last winter. He enjoys coasting.

I am a cripple, haven't walked since last June. Papa takes The Blade, and I love to read the children's letters. I have lots of little friends. They always bring something to cheer me. Would like to receive post cards from any of the cousins. Hope to see my letter come out this time.—Mabel Hill, Palermo, W. Va.

Grace Barlett, Irwin, Mo., sends a riddle:

You haven't got it, you wouldn't want it, and if you had it you wouldn't take the world for it.

Alta Delamater, Six Lakes, Mich., says:

There is a lake in front of our house and one back of it. The one back of our house papa owns part of it. I have three sisters and four brothers. I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me, they would receive many jolly cards or letters.

In the spring there are green hills all around us, the red and blue birds come back and flirt among the trees and sing their merry strains. My hobby is working in the garden.—Beatrice Clere, Vaughan, W. Va.

We have a Newfoundland dog who takes us to school on our sled in the winter. I would like to exchange cards—Mildred Ray, Constantine, Mich.

I help mamma with the chickens in the summer. My favorite author is Horatio Alger, Jr., and my favorite poet is H. W. Longfellow. Cousins, please send me a card shower on March 5. With best wishes, Lydia Conrey, Ozark, Ill.

POST CARD EXCHANGE

Ellen Finch, Port Angeles, Wash.
Raymond Phelps, Murray, Ky.
Hollice M. Albright, Great Valley, N. Y.
Opal Hall, Millstone, W. Va.
Stella Maloney, Gad, W. Va.
Roy Hickman, Louisa, Ky.
Ambrose Austin, Charles, Ky.
Ross Scott, Princeton, Ind.
N. Grace Keenan, Sparks, W. Va.
Verna A. Bailes, Sparks, W. Va.
Homer M. Kennan, Sparks, W. Va.
O. Gladys Kenen, Sparks, W. Va.
Gladys Armstrong, Johnsburg, N. Y.
Frances Hennis, Mt. Airy, N. C.
Gladys Adams, Havio, W. Va.
Bertie Davis, Hendersonville, N. C.
Jennie Hartson, Thompson, Ohio.
Rosa Welkle, Sarton, W. Va.
Mollie Billups, Dickson, W. Va.
Mabel M. Hill, Palermo, W. Va.

ADDRESSES WANTED

Western Girl.
Mrs. L. A. G., Call.
O. Salley Gobble, Va.
T. A. Hampton.
M. E. L.
Mrs. M. F. B.
Juzza Muzza.

Orpha Page, Alanson, Mich., is a 9-year-old girl who wishes to exchange postcards.

OUR COOK BOOK

Yeast Starter—I often had very poor bread until a friend offered me a pint of starter, saying she did not buy yeast cakes anymore. I have used this starter several years, and would not know what to do without it. At supper time boil enough extra potatoes to make about one cupful when mashed. Take one cup sifted flour, one-fourth cup sugar, one tablespoonful salt, stir, scald with potato water, add mashed potatoes. For three medium sized loaves have about one quart of this. When cool, add starter, set in warm place over night, but do not let it get heated. In the morning stir well and take out a pint of starter in fruit jar, fasten cover fairly tight. I keep this with can fruit in summer, anywhere in winter, only so it does not freeze. Now add one heaping tablespoon shortening and flour for a stiff loaf, let rise, when light make into loaves, let rise, then bake. Best of all, I have a bread mixer. I put my wetting in this, to every quart put in three pounds of flour or three quarts of sifted flour, and turn until a stiff loaf. As I have a set of family scales on the pantry shelf and a small granite dish pan. It is very easy to weigh the flour. In cold weather I set the pan of flour in the oven a few minutes, but do not heat it. I have better bread to keep all a little cool. If you can not find this starter, soak one yeast cake in a pint of luke warm water, add this in place of starter, after one or two bakings they tell me it is just as good. Do not add yeast cake or hops to starter at any time. If necessary make new. I have never had to make new yet, and my bread is fine. The bread mixer does away with a sticky bread board and flour on apron, etc. I seldom use over one tablespoonful when putting bread in loaf. I hope if this is printed it will help some one as it did me.—A Farmer's Wife.

Sweet Omelet Jam—A sweet omelet is delightful and somewhat unusual dessert, its only drawback being that it must not stand, but go at once to the table. For the filling, crumble half a dozen stale macaroons, add to them one heaping teaspoonful of thick whipped cream and three tablespoonfuls of strawberry or other kind of jam. Beat six eggs, without separating, adding one teaspoonful of warm water and one teaspoonful of sifted powdered sugar. Into a very hot pan drop one scant teaspoonful of butter and tilt until the bottom is evenly greased. Pour in the eggs and shake and turn with a spatula. When the omlet is set and ready to fold, pour the jam mixture in the center, fold over and turn out on a hot dish. Dredge with a little powdered sugar and brown quickly by holding close to it a clean red hot shovel, or score in parallel or crossed lines with a red hot poker. Send to the table instantly, and over each service put a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream.

Chicken Pie—Clean and disjoint two good sized chickens, put them in a kettle, cover with boiling water, add a half teaspoonful of salt and simmer until tender. Remove some of the larger bones and set all aside until cool. To two quarts of flour add a scant teaspoonful of salt and stir in sufficient cream to make a soft dough. Roll out one-half of this quite thin, and with it line the bottom and sides of a deep earthen dish. Roll out the remainder of the paste, put over it, in small bits, one cupful and a half of butter. Dredge lightly with flour, fold the paste in three and roll out twice. Roll a quarter of this in long strips and put several rims round the paste in the dish, wetting each with water to make it adhere. Fill the dish with the prepared chicken, seasoning well. Roll out the remainder of the paste and fit it over the top, making an opening in the center for the steam to escape. Brush over the top with milk and bake for two hours in a moderate oven.

Pepper..nts—The.. are delicious and easy to make. Take two cupfuls of granulated sugar, and half a cupful of water. Let it boil hard all over the saucepan for about three minutes, then add two teaspoonfuls of extract of peppermint. Take from fire at once, stir hard until the mixture is white and creamy. Drop on paraffine paper any size desired, twisting spoon to make them round.

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A Line a Day

I.

It makes me stronger to hear from Christian friends.—M. E. W., N. Y.

II.

I cannot recommend The Blade too highly for a clean paper of general information and noble sentiment. I especially enjoy the Peace Page.—I. W. N., Ill.

III.

I think flowers at funerals are lovely to behold, but we are too careless about the living. Many times a flower in the path of the living is worth a cluster at the grave.—Mrs. M. O. S., W. Va.

IV.

I am a reader of many standard publications. I consider The Blade the best all-round publication for the home that is published.—Mrs. J. W. C., Indiana.

V.

I always read the Peace Page and feel that much good is done by this page.—M. H. S.

VI.

I enjoy the Peace Page and always look at it first, for old poems and cheerful letters from many readers.

VII.

"Good, better, best—
Never let it rest
Till your good is better
And your better best."

Our Correspondents

Will some one please tell me through the Peace Page where I can obtain hemp seed? I would love to have it this spring. Please may I hear soon. A reader of The Blade—Mrs. Lou Chrisman, Adbela, Gilmer Co., W. Va.

Mrs. C. M. Henderson, Quaker City, Ohio. Her friends have planned a post card shower. Mrs. Henderson has been greatly afflicted since October.

Little Clyde Farrell, Pittsboro, N. C., has been ill all winter. Has lost a foot. Cards are asked.

Eunice E. Lee, Hannibal, Mo., is a shut-in wishing cards.

I wish information concerning Geo. J. Davis. He was born near Richland, Mo., aged 54 years, large and of sandy coloring. He left St. Louis, Mo., about five years ago, and was last heard from at Whittier, Cal. If any information from any who knows him or if he happens to see this, will be highly appreciated by his sister, Susan F. Casteel, Riley, Ind.

Several letters have been received asking for babies to board for the summer. The homes offered seem attractive. Good care, food and milk being among the many inducements. If any of you know of homeless children or children of orphanages needing special care, and where a special fund for their board is provided, please write here, and I will gladly forward these addresses.—Martha Holden.

I have often thought I would like to step in and chat with you. I enjoy reading the letters. Mrs. Lawrence, I will suggest that you try filling a large dripping pan about half full of salt. If you live in the country, take toothpicks and mark off fields, placing toothpicks close for buildings, for your child to play with. I have found it useful. I live in Michigan and on a farm. Just now we are having rainy weather and yet we are not as bad off as some are.—Mrs. A. L. W., Mich.

Will Mrs. Elsie Alvis please let us hear if her boy came home? And will the family on the Lone Prairie please let us hear from them again? Will Mrs. Chandler please let us hear again from her?—Mrs. R. S.

Poets' Corner

A WOMAN'S ANSWER

By Adelaide Proctor.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing,
E'er made by the hand above?
A woman's heart, and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out;
Man like you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require that your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your slippers be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And as true as His heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far greater thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirts;
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called Home,
A man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the blooms of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she becomes a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be.
If you give me this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this, laundress and cook
You can hire and a little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won in this way.

TWO VOICES

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Good Housekeeping.

VIRTUE.

Oh, wanton one, oh, wicked one, how was it that you came
Down from the paths of purity, to walk the streets of shame?
And wherefore was that precious wealth God gave to you in trust
Flung broadcast for the feet of men to trample in the dust?

VICE.

Oh, prudent one, oh, spotless one, now listen well to me.
The ways that led to where I tread these paths of sin were three—
And God and good folks all combined to make them fair to see.

VIRTUE.

Oh, wicked one, blasphemous one, now how could that thing be?

VICE.

The first was Nature's lovely road, whereon my life was hurled.
I felt the stirring in my blood, which permeates the world.
I thrilled like willows in the spring, when sap begins to flow.
It was young passion in my veins, but how was I to know?

The second was the silent road, where modest mothers dwell
And hide from eager curious minds the truth they ought to tell;
That misnamed road called "Innocence," should bear the sign, "To Hell."
With song and dance, in ignorance, I walked that road and fell.

VIRTUE.

Oh, fallen one, unhappy one, but why not rise and go
Back to the ways you left behind, and leave your sins below;
Nor linger in this vale of sin, since now you see, and know.

VICE.

The third road was the fair highway trod by the good and great.
I cried aloud to that vast crowd, and told my hapless fate—
They hurried all through door and wall and shut Conventions' gate.
I beat it with my bleeding hands; they must have heard me knock.
They must have heard wild sob and word, yet no one turned the lock.
Oh, it is very desolate, on Virtue's path to stand,
And see the good folks flocking by, withholding look and hand.

And so with hungry heart and soul, and weary brain and feet,
I left that highway whence you came, and sought the sinful street.

Oh, prudent one, oh, spotless one, when good folks speak of me,
Go tell them of the roads I came, the roadways fair, and three.

MILTON: ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my days are spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, tho' my soul more bent.

To serve therewith my Maker and present
My true account, lest He returning chide—
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
I fondly ask—But Patience to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts;
Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best!

His state
Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

THE TRUE BEAUTY

Thomas Carew.

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old time makes these decay
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER

"Father whom I cannot see,
Look down from heaven on little me.
Let angels, through the darkness, spread
Their holy wings above my bed,
And keep me safe because I am
The Heavenly Shepherd's little lamb.
Help me to do as I am told,
And always be as good as gold.
For Jesus' sake, amen."

THE BASKET

By Priscilla Leonard.

Into the basket of thy day,
Put each thing good and each thing gay,
That thou cans't find along thy way.

Neglect no joy, however small,
And it shall verily befall,
Thy day can scarcely hold them all.

Within the basket of thy day,
Let nothing evil find its way
And let no frets and worries stay.

So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share
And finding blessings every where.

THE LITTLE RED STAMP

By S. W. Fos.

I'm a little red stamp, with George Washington's picture,
I have the right of way;
And the mail train thunders from under the stars,
And rattles into the day.
Now clear the rail for your Uncle Sam's mail;
Ye freight trains, stand aside!
Spur your iron-lunged horse to his fullest speed,
For the little red stamp would ride.
So vomit your flame on the startled night,
And your smoke in the face of the day,
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.

The engine plows when I start on my ride,
Through the drifted banks of snow;
But we hasten to climes where the rivers melt,
And the climes where the roses blow.
For the hills of Maine, then the Kansas plain,
Then whiffs from the western bay,
Till I drop in the hands that reached for me
A thousand leagues away.
Pull open the throttle and loose every brake
And dash through the night and day,
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.

I'm the little red stamp with George Washington's picture,
And I go wherever I may,
To any spot in George Washington's land,
And I go by the shortest way,
And the guns of wrath would clear my path,
A thousand guns at need,
Of the hands that should dare to block my course
Or slacken my onward speed.
Stand back! Hands off of Uncle Sam's mail!
Stand back there! Back, I say!
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture
Must have the right of way.

LOYALTY

By Margaret E. Sangster.

Whatever you did in the years that are gone,
In the year that is yours today,
Lift up your brow in the light of the sun,
Be loyal and brave, I pray.

Be true to the best that is in your soul,
And follow your high ideal,
And so, as the beautiful seasons roll,
You shall see your dreams grow real.

Be true and dare for the right, my friend,
Fear nothing and dread no blame,
In this brief life, all hastes to an end,
Save only the weird of shame.

The loyal heart is never alone,
There are ever comrades real,
Who will make the cause you love their own,
And stand by you, stanch as steel.

Steadfast, unswerving, and pure of heart,
Meet shadow and shine, alike,
And shunning only the coward's part,
Learn when to wait, or to strike.

Have thou no care for the years that are gone,
The year that is ours today
Wears fair on its front, the light of the sun,
We may labor, and hope, and pray.

"SWEET BUNCH OF DAISIES"

Sweet golden daisies, oh, how dear to me,
Ever I hear them whispering, love, of thee,
Murmuring softly, in a silent theme,
Of love's bright morning, now one sad sweet dream.

Chorus.

Sweet bunch of daisies, brought from the dell,
Kiss me once, darling, daisies won't tell,
Give me your promise, O, sweetheart, do,
Darling, I love you, will you be true?

Sweet withered daisies, treasured more than gold,
Bring back to memory those sweet days of old,
When we together strolled thro' forests green,
Gathering daisies growing by the stream.

HAPPINESS

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continued strain
Of human discontent, and grief and pain.

WOMAN'S ILLS DISAPPEARED

Like Magic after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

North Bangor, N. Y. — "As I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with great benefit I feel it my duty to write and tell you about it. I was ailing from female weakness and had headache and backache nearly all the time. I was later every month than I should have been and so sick that I had to go to bed.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and these troubles have disappeared like magic. I have recommended the Compound to many women who have used it successfully."—Mrs. JAMES J. STACY, R.F.D. No. 3, North Bangor, N. Y.

Another Made Well.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for me. For years I suffered terribly with hemorrhages and had pains so intense that sometimes I would faint away. I had female weakness so bad that I had to doctor all the time and never found relief until I took your remedies to please my husband. I recommend your wonderful medicine to all sufferers as I think it is a blessing for all women."—Mrs. L. E. WYCKOFF, 112 S. Ashley St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

There need be no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to remedy woman's diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical. Why don't you try it?

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the liability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

FOREST PRESERVATION

Please give some information on forest preservation in this country.—G. I. C., Uniondale, Pa.

In many of the states of the United States measures have been taken to protect and preserve the forests. New York has purchased and set aside 1,500,000 acres for a forest reserve. Guards patrol the reserves to prevent theft of timber and to protect the forest against fire. Trees are being planted on the open places at the rate of 500,000 seedlings annually. Pennsylvania has 700,000 acres of timber land set aside for reserves. A school for forest wardens has been established. All the mature timber is being removed from the Pennsylvania forests. Minnesota has a forest fire law. The fire warden is charged with the responsibility of suppressing fires. In Indiana private owners are encouraged by the state to plant trees. Many other states have set aside large tracts for forest reserves.

The federal government has also done much in the way of forest preservation. A number of forest reservations have already been set aside under the name of national parks. A bureau of forestry established under the jurisdiction of the agriculture department promotes the conservative handling of national, state and private forest lands and the best utilization of forest products; investigates methods and kinds of trees for planting, and gives practical assistance to tree planters, studies commercially valuable trees to determine their best management and use; tests the strength and durability of timbers, and determines the best method of extending their life through seasoning and preservative treatment; investigates forest fires, turpentine orcharding, and other forest problems; conducts examinations to ascertain changes in the boundaries of existing natural forests and acres suitable for new reserves; and makes experiments for forest planting upon reserves that have been denuded by flames.

SHOOTING STARS OF 1833

Kindly give an account of the meteoric shower of November 13, 1833.—W. E. S., Dickson, Tenn.

Scientific study of the orbits of shooting stars began after the occurrence of the most brilliant meteoric shower on record, that of November 13, 1833. This spectacle was witnessed generally throughout North America, which happened to be the part of the earth then facing the meteoric sorm. Hundreds of thousands of shooting stars fell in the course of two or three hours. Some of the observers compared their number to the flakes of a snowstorm. It was noticeable that all the meteors appeared to radiate from a fixed point in the constellation Leo. Tracing their tails backward it was seen that they came together at that point, like the ribs of an umbrella meeting at its central sick.

Immediaely after this great display, Professor Olmstead, of Yale college, announced that what had occurred was an encounter by the earth with a great swarm of meteors moving round the sun.

INHERITANCE TAX

Please give some information concerning the inheritance tax.—E. M., Berrien Center, Mich.

An inheritance tax is an assessment laid upon the male heirs of property, either by distributions or descent. Sometimes this assessment is confined to collateral heirs, when it is called collateral inheritance tax. The raising of public funds in this way has been sanctioned by legislation from the beginning of Roman law, and in England and other countries is a large and steady source of revenue, although such taxes have been stigmatized by certain economists as "death duties." During the civil war taxes of this kind were made part of the internal revenue system of the United States, but abolished soon after the struggle ended. The rate and method of assessment vary in different countries and in different states of the Union. The English inheritance tax ranges from a 1 to 10 per cent assessment, in accordance with the amount of inheritance and the degree of relationship of heirs. In the United States lineal collateral and succession inheritance taxes have been instituted in several states as a source of domestic revenue. In Connecticut the assessment on inheritance property is 5 per cent on all sums and values above $1,000. In Delaware the assessment range from 1 to 5 per cent according to the amount of property left and the degree of relationship. In Illinois 1 per cent on values over $20,000 to lineal decendants; 2 per cent to 5 per cent on all amounts to collateral relations. In Maryland 2½ per cent on all legacies and successions. In New York 1 per cent on all property over the amount of $10,000 to lineal heirs, 5 per cent on all amounts over $500 to collateral relatives. In Ohio, 5 per cent on all values over $500. In Virginia, 5 per cent in every case. Several states leave untaxed the property descending or distributed to the lineal descendants and place assessments of varying percentage on the amount or value of the legacy which falls to the collateral heirs. These are California, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, Tennessee and West Virginia. Inheritance laws have in the United States occasioned much discussion and litigation, but their justice and utility have been testified to by experience and the decision of the law courts. The leading economists of the present and other periods have seen the scientific propriety, even necessity, of such legal provisions, and have noted the uniformity with which they deal with all classes of the financial community. All of the states have inheritance laws of some kind.

MARY LYON

A short biography of Mary Lyon would be appreciated by a reader.—L. G. S., Clarence, Iowa.

Mary Lyon, the American educator, was born February 28, 1797, and died March 5, 1849. Her birthplace was Buckland, Massachusetts. At the age of 18 she began to teach school, afterwards studying at Sanderson academy, Ashfield, and at the Byfield academy, near Newburyport. In 1821 she was engaged as a teacher at Sanderson academy, and three years later becme associate principal of the Adams Female Academy at Londonderry, New Hampshire. In 1828, Miss Lyon and the principal of this school moved to Ipswich, Mass., where they were followed by a number of their pupils, and established a seminary of which Miss Lyon had practically the entire charge for a number of years. The establishment of a seminary for girls, embodying the same principles of education as the Ipswich school, and at the same time offering its advantages at a low price, became the main purpose of her life; and in 1834 she resigned her position at Ipswich, and, amid great discouragements, undertook the work of founding such a siminary. A few clergymen aided her so that she was finally able to obtain contributions enough to establish the school. On November 8, 1837, a part of the buildings having been completed, the school was opened in South Hadley with about 80 pupils, under the name of the Mt. Holyoke Female seminary. For 12 years Mary Lyon was president of this institution, during which time it was enlarged, and gained a national reputaton for its high intellectual and moral standard.

WILLIAM J. NORTHEN

Will you kindly print a short sketch of the life of William J. Northen.—R. H. P., Morgantown, Ga.

William Jonathon Northen, ex-governor of Georgia was born in Jones county, Georgia, July 9, 1835. He obtained an A. B. degree at Mercer University in 1853 and began teaching in 1854, was principal of Mt. Zion high school from 1857 to 1861. From 1861 to 1865 he was a private in a company commanded by his father in the C. S. A. He again became principal of the Mt. Zion high school after the war; was a farmer from 1874 to 1890; President of the Hancock County Farmer's Club from 1886 to 1888; member of the Georgia House of Reresentatives from 1877 to 1878 and from 1880 to 1881; a member of the Senate from 1884 to 1885; governor from 1890 to 1894; since then manager of the Georgia Immigration and Investment Bureau; president of the Southern Baptist Convention, National Baptist Congress, Georgia Baptist Convention; a member of the American Tract Society, S. S. Union and American Bible Society.

JOHN STARK

Kindly give a biographical sketch of General John Stark.—M. A. S., Williamston, Mich.

John Stark was born at Londonberry, N. H., August 28, 1728, and died at Manchester, N. H., May 8, 1822. In 1755 he became a lieutenant in Major Roger's rangers and fought through the French and Indian struggle around Lake George and Champlain. In 1775 he joined the Continental army, was appointed colonel, and fought at Bunker Hill and later at Princeton and Trenton. After the retreat of General St. Clair, and the capture of Ticonderago by the British, Stark was put in command of a force of Green Mountain Boys, that met and defeated an English detachment under Baum at Bennington, August 16, 1777. A supporting British force under Breyman was also defeated. These events paralyzed the British operations and led to the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga. He was promoted brigadier-general, and continued in active service until the end of the war.

JOSEPH WARREN

Please give a sketch of Joseph Warren.—N. W. B., Arlington Colo.

Joseph Warren, the American patriot, was born in 1741 and died in 1775. He was graduated from Harvard in 1759, studied medicine with Dr. James Lloyd of Boston, entered the practice of his profession in 1764 and from the time of the Stamp Act in 1765 contributed to the press. In 1770 he was one of the committee of safety appointed after the Boston massacre and in 1772 he pronounced the memorial oration at the anniversary of that event. He was a member of the first committee of correspondence in 1772 and for the next two years co-operated with Samuel Adams. After the meeting of the Provincial Congress in October, 1774, Warren was chairman of the committee of safety for collecting military stores and organizing a militia. He was elected president of the Provincial Chigress and was thus made chief executive under the provisional government. He was chosen military commander of the Massachusett's forces, and on June 17, 1775 went to Bunker Hill. At the final conflict he was shot and killed.

LEWIS WALLACE

Will you kindly give a short biography of Lew Wallace?—F. P. F., Port Angeles, Wash.

Lewis Wallace, the American soldier and author, was born April 10, 1827. He studied law at the beginning of the Mexican war, enlisted as a second lieutenant in the 1st Indiana Infantry. In 1848 he began professional practice and for four years was in the State senate. At the outbreak of the civil war he was appointed adjutant general of Indiana, and soon afterward colonel of the 11th Indiana Volunteers, and on September 3, 1861, was made a brigadier general of volunteers, and for ability displayed in leading a division at Fort Donelson was made major-general of volunteers. He participated in the second day's fight at Shiloh, and in the advance on Corinth; was president of the court of inquiry regarding Don Carlos Buell in November, 1862; in 1863 prepared the Cincinnati defenses and later was made commander of the Eighth army corps with headquarters at Baltimore. In 1865 he resumed law practice, from 1878 to 1881 was governor of New Mexico, and from 1881 to 1885 was minister to Turkey. He died in 1905.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. E., Canton, Ill.—The first American edition of the Bible was printed in Boston, 1752.

J. J. C., Hazelrun, W. Va.—A complete list of the members of the President's cabinet was published in the Weekly Blade of March 6.

W. L. S., Eldred Pa.—Qougue, a village of Suffolk county, New York, on the ocean near Shinnecock Bay. We are unable to tell you who the registrar of deeds is.

A. H., Washington, Utah.—Full information concerning the Rhodes scholarships was printed in the Bureau of February 20.

No Robins in Georgia

THE crop of field larks in Georgia this year is the largest that has ever been known in the history of the state, says the Atlanta Constitution.

"I have heard from farmers all over the state," says State Game Keeper Mercer, "and everywhere they report that larks are enemies to farmers, but they are not. They might steal a few blades of corn now and then, but they more than offset that by the insects they destroy."

"Talking about birds," continued the game keeper, "I want to tell you something very remarkable, and that is there have been no robins in Georgia this year. One farmer did tell me he saw a robin on the banks of the Flint River in Dooley county, but I think he made o mistake. This is the first year the robins have failed to leave the place where they nest again and migrate to this neck of the woods. The reason was that the weather north was not cold enough to cause them to want to bask in Georgia sunshine during the winter.

"I wish to say that it looks as if the poor doves of Georgia are doomed. There is a strict law against baiting fields and killing more than a specified number, but good people and men high in authority are baiting fields and shooting doves by the thousand. I have instructed my wardens to prosecute vigorously. Whether any convictions follow is another story. A man can be fined $1,000 for violating this law."

Fast Growing Trees.

Popular Mechanics.

Hard, fine grained, durable wood usually grows slowly. A most remarkable exception is the eucalyptus, and it is that gives the tree its great value as a means of reforestation. It is said that the eucalyptus grows five times as rapidly as any other tree. Seedlings have been observed to make an average growth of six inches in height a day, and one tree in California attained a height of 125 feet and a diameter of 36 inches in nine years. The eucalyptus will not thrive where there are frosts.

Stock Exchange in Stillwell Case

Albany, N. Y., April 15.—State Senator Stephen J. Stilwell, who went on trial before the senate judiciary committee is charged by George H. Kendall, president of the New York Bank Note company, with attempted extortion of bribe money for the passage of bills preventing the New York Stock Exchange from freezing Kendall's company out in engraving stock certificates in favor of the American Bank Note company.

Denial was entered by Senator Stilwell. The case aroused much interest because the Stock Exchange was brought into the matter.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, April 7.

SENATE—Senators Lawrence Y. Sherman, of Illinois, and Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, were sworn in. Currency reform measures were introduced by Senators Hitchcock, Jones and Weeks. Senator Root reintroduced his bill to repeal the exemption from tolls clause of the canal act to American ships in the coastwise trade operating through the Panama canal. After much debate, a joint resolution was adopted for a joint session of the senate and house at 12:30 today to hear the President deliver message in person. Resolutions to amend the Constitution in various ways were introduced, among them one by Senator Smith, of South Carolina, to repeal the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. Hundreds of miscellaneous bills and resolutions were introduced and referred to commitees. Senator Burton, for his colleague, Senator Pomerene, offered a joint resolution appropriating $2,000,000 for the benefit of the Ohio flood sufferers.

HOUSE—The house met at noon, new members were sworn in and organization perfected. Representative Henry introduced a bill to provide homes for American diplomats in foreign capitals. A resolution to change inauguration day to the last Thursday in April was introduced by Representative Henry. The Progressives were recognized by the assignment of Representative Murdock to membership on the ways and means committee. Representative Underwood introduced the new tariff bill, which includes an income tax provision, and provides for a reduction of duty on many articles, besides placing others on the free list. New rules drafted by the majority members of the rules committee were adopted, after a series of substitute rules offered by the Progressives had been rejected. Representative Levy introduced a currency reform measure. More than 2,000 bills, public and private, were introduced by various members.

Tuesday, April 8.

SENATE—Senator Shafroth introduced a constitutional amendment to change the terms of congressmen and the President to the first Monday in January after the election. Senator Jones, of Washington, introduced a bill providing for an inheritance tax. The senate proceeded to the house for a joint session to hear the President deliver his message in person.

HOUSE—The house met in joint session with the senate and listened to President Wilson deliver his first message to congress. Minority Leader Mann submitted to the ways and means committee his recommendation for Republican members of important committees. Representative Sims reintroduced his bill to abolish the commerce court. Representative Cullop asked for an appropriation of $500,000 to erect a home for the vice president.

Wednesday, April 9.

Senate—Senator Chilton, introduced a bill to fix a minimum wage for women. A bill for inspection of coal mines was introduced by Senator Works. Senator Bacon introduced a bill for purchase of homes for American diplomats. A bill to prohibit senators and representatives from acting as counsel for interstate commerce corporations was introduced by Senator Borah. The foreign relations committee approved the McLean resolution requesting the President to propose an international convention for migratory bird protection. Senator Borah introduced a bill providing for the acceptance of a deed for the Lincoln birth cabin from the Lincoln Farm Association. A tariff board of five members is provided in a bill reintroduced by Senator Lodge. A bill to prevent interstate railroads from limiting their liability on lost shipments was introduced by Senator Cummins.

House—The house was not in session.

Thursday, April 10.

House — Representative Stephens (Cal.) introduced bill directing Panama Railroad Co. to establish Pacific steamship line in connection with Atlantic line. Representative Mann introduced bill for tariff board of five members. Representative Hobson introduced joint resolution for constitutional amendment for direct election of President and single seven-year term; Representative Bartholdt one to limit presidential tenure to two four-year terms; Representative Neeley one to provide popular election of United States district judges every six years. Representative Bartholdt introduced resolution for commission to fix boundaries of North and South American nations. Representative Clark introduced resolution for special committee to investigate various legislative and executive committees; Representative Austin one to investigate tobacco pool at Henderson, Ky., and Representative Lobeck one to investigate prices paid by government for elevators. President would be authorized to invite foreign nations to participate in naval parade at opening of Panama canal by resolution introduced by Representative Copley. Representative Flood introduced resolution for government bureau of tobacco industry. Survey and estimate of ship canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario by La Salle-Lewiston route is directed in resolution by Representative Mott. A Lincoln memorial highway, Boston to San Francisco, via Washington, D. C., proposed in a bill of Representative Taylor (Col.). Representative Murdock introduced a bill for labeling of clothing and textiles, and making misbranding a misdemeanor. Representative Palmer introduced a bill to permit national banks to loan money on real estate to 50 per cent of combined capital and surplus. Representative Kelly (Pa.) for rules committee, in place of Representative Chandler, who declined to serve.

Friday, April 11.

SENATE—The senate was not in session at noon. The finance committee spent two hours on the earthenware and steel schedules, but reached no conclusion.

HOUSE—There was no session of the house. The Democrats continued their caucus on the tariff. The Republicans held an open caucus to consider tariff matters.

Saturday, April 12.

SENATE — President Pro Tempore Clarke presided for the first time. Several nominations from President Wilson received. Bill to authorize national banks to lend money on real estate introduced by Senator Nelson. Coast guard service to be composed to the life-saving and revenue cutter services, proposed in bill by Senator Townsend. Primary elections for nomination presidential and vice presidential candidates, proposed in bill by Senator Cummins. A resolution for a committee of three senators to investigate conditions in the coal strike in the Paint Creek district in West Virginia, introduced by Senator Kern. Senator Newlands reintroduced his interstate commerce trade commission bill. Discussed Overman resolution calling upon interstate commerce commission for data about placing government employes in office without examination, and referred to civil service committee.

FORCED BY GRATITUDE OF HUNDREDS

To Repeat His Offer of March 6th in The Toledo Weekly Blade.

I have been so moved by the gratitude of Toledo Weekly Blade Readers, that I have decided to make again the offer which I made in the March 6th issue. This is what I said: "I am going to Give Away a Free Treatment for Deafness, to every sufferer who asks for it."

The letters of request have poured in; letters of grateful thanks have also poured in. From every part of the continent, the people whom I have cured of that terrible affliction—Deafness—are thanking me.

A letter from the Far West says, "Allow me to thank you a thousand times for the good hearing you have restored to me." A letter from New England says, "I bless the day I saw your offer, for you have cured me of Deafness."

Deafness Treatment Free

These many letters of gratitude have touched my heart, and so I say again to the readers of Toledo Weekly Blade: "I will give away a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who writes for it."

This offer can only be made for a very short time. If you are Deaf, or have any trouble with your ears, write for a Free Treatment.

This treatment is entirely free. I want to help you. I know what you suffer in the approach of Deafness, and the intolerable agony of complete Deafness. I know that I have cured many, many people who were Deaf. I want you to have the same opportunity to hear again. Write today for my treatment for Deafness.

Send off now, a post card or letter request. Don't delay, or it may be too late. If you have even the slightest feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and send for treatment. It won't cost you anything. If you are growing Deaf, and have become discouraged and tired of experimenting, profit by the example of those who have been cured by my treatment. Many of these people thought that they never could be cured, they had tried so many different things which never did them any good. My treatment restored their hearing. Write today for a Free Deafness Treatment, to

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE
43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

Adrianople and Plevna

New York Sun.

ADRIANOPLE revives the memory of Plevna, but only because a beleaguered Turkish army held each town for months against the assaults of an enemy in superior strength. Modern fortifications constructed by the best engineering talent at great expense made Adrianople impregnable in the judgment of military experts. Plevna's only defences were thrown up in hot haste with too's piled by common soldiers on ridges surrounding the obscure town. With 12,000 men and 54 guns Osman Pasha marched out of Viden on July 13, 1877, to relieve Atouf Pasha's garrison of three battalions at Plevna, 115 miles away, and to anticipate its occupation by the Russian's, who were already in possession of Tirnova and Nikopol. General Gurko's advance had not been seriously contested, but Osman's forced march on Plevna, which he gained just in time to repel an assault upon the town by General Schilder-Schuldner, stopped the forward movement. Plevna was but three days' march from the only bridge on the Danube held by the Russians, and they had to deal at once with an army of unknown strength which might take them in the flank. The occupation of Plevna by the Turks was admirable strategy.

Having repulsed the Russians with his jaded troops on July 20, Osman Pasha drew up plans for the fortification of the hills about the town, and night as well as day the work of digging trenches and building redoubts went on. On July 24 reinforcements of 14 battalions and a battery came in from Sofia. He now had 20,000 men and 57 guns. In their first assault the Russians lost 2,800 men; in what is called the second battle of Plevna they brought 30,000 men and 176 guns to the attack and their casualties were 7,300 men. Osman, with the Russian bridge only 40 miles away, did not move out of his works after this overwhelming defeat of the enemy. He made a sortie against the Russian position of Pelishat on August 30, but except for this demonstration and the recapture of redoubts taken by the Russians and Rumanians Osman acted on the defensive. After the third battle of Plevna, in which the allies were driven back from the Radishevo front with heavy losses, they abandoned the plan of taking the place by assault and Todleben was allowed to substitute scientific investment.

After a desperate sortie on the night of December 9-10 Osman-Pasha capitulated with a starving army. He had beaten the ablest Russian genera's in three days of fighting on the hills of Plevna, often using the bayonet in savage hand to hand combat, and inflicting losses of 18,000 men. The enemy surrounding Osman's position was so superior in numbers that an aggressive campaign by the Turks would probably have ended quickly in disaster.

The glory of Adrianople can never be the glory of Plevna. The massive and intricate fortifications of Adrianople have baffled the Bulgarians and their allies. Artillery duels have been common, and if a grand assault has occurred in which thousands of men have fallen no report of it has seen the light. The conditions of defence, both natural and artificial, seem to preclude fighting at very close quarters. Sofia has given out no bulletins of victory, nor has Constantinople published repulses of the besiegers with great slaughter. The fortitude of the Turks in holding Adrianople so long, assailed by starvation and disease as well as by the siege artillery of a vast investing army, has been inspiring, but the greater renown will always remain with Plevna and its lionlike defender.

From "Social Welfare in New Zealand," by Hugh H. Lusk.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Selling Crown Jewels.

If the crown jewels of Turkey are sold to raise funds for the war they will not be the first that have gone that way. Queen Henrietta Maria raised nearly 2,000,000 sterling in Flanders for her husband's needs, largely on her jewels.

On her pendant pearls she borrowed 213,200 guilders and raised 40,000 guilders on six rubies. Charles I. also was much indebted to the melting pot for funds. When the long war of the early eighteenth century began to turn against France King Louis showed the way to his subjects by denuding Versailles of many of its treasures and all manner of ornaments were melted down.

In Oklahoma and Washington the expenditures for public schools each year amount to about 75 cents for each $100 in wealth, and this program is nearly four times as great as that found in such states as Wyoming and New Mexico.

Naber and Daber

Youth's Companion.

THE following story was told many years ago by an English traveler in Turkey in Asia, who translated it from the language of that country:

In the tribe of Negedeh there was a wonderful horse, whose beauty and speed were unequaled; and a Bedouin of another tribe, whose name was Daber, longed to possess it. Having in vain offered camels and all his gold for it, he at length hit upon the following device: He resolved to stain his face, clothe himself in rags, and limp as if disabled, and thus to play the part of a lame beggar.

In this disguise he waited on the road for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw him approaching on his beautiful steed he cried out in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger! For three days I have been unable to move from this spot to look for food. Help me, and heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home, but Daber replied:

"Alas! I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daber feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the steed and galloped off, calling out as he rode, "It is I, Daber!"

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain that he could not be caught, he turned, and halted a short distance from Naber.

"You have taken my horse," said Naber, "and since heaven has willed it, I give you joy of it, but I conjure you never to tell anyone how you obtained it."

"Why not?" asked Daber.

"Because," replied the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been."

Daber was silent for a moment; then springing from the horse, he returned it to its owner, and begged his forgiveness. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they passed a few days together, and became friends for life.

English Inn Signs

AMERICANS traveling in England get much enjoyment reading the jingles and quaint sayings that adorn the exterior and interior of the famous old taverns in which the country abounds.

Many of the most famous inns in England have crumbled in dust, but there are still scores of picturesque old hosteiries scattered about the country. A few chop houses in America have borrowed the idea, but the custom will always be associated with England. In nearly every instance the rhymes tell a story. This rhyme says Tit Bits of London is seen frequently:

This gate hangs high
And h'nders none;
Refresh and pay
And travel on.

The man who wrote the lines for the signboard outside an inn in Gloucester was bent on getting the money coming and going. One side of the sign reads:

Before the hill you do go up
Step in and have a cheery cup.

The other side of the board bears this inscription:

You're down the hill, all danger's past;
Come in and have a friendly glass.

On the Chequers Inn, Yorkshire, there is a sign which makes it plain that the original proprietor was bound to lose nothing by his welcome. The sign reads:

Be not in haste;
Step in and taste
Ale to-morrow for nothing.

In many cases the muse has been invoked to warn those persons who are in the habit of asking for credit. Some such rhymes are:

Pay today and trust tomorrow.
You never know what man to trust
Take my advice, don't ask to borrow,
Since man to man is so unjust.

My beer is good, my measure just;
Excuse me, friends, I cannot trust.
Free to call, free to think;
Free to talk, free to drink;
Free to pay, free to stay.

This rhyme on the front of the White Horse, one of the most noted taverns, alludes to other inns in the neighborhood in the following language:

My White Horse shall bite the Bear
And make the Angel fly;
Shall turn the Ship bottomside up
And drink the Three Cups dry.

BUILT WITH STONE TOOLS

Habitation Discovered by Explorers in Alaska.

A house, or habitation, built by human beings ages and ages ago with stone utensils, stone knives and axes was found last summer in the vicinity of Point Barrow, Alaska, according to A. L. Maxwell, government teacher.

Mr. Maxwell and three white men from Point Barrow, while prospecting along the beach of Bering sea in July, discovered a high cliff of gravel, the strata of which it was decided had been piled in that lofty way by icebergs.

At a point where the action of the waves had washed away gravel the frame work of a primitive house was partly uncovered. The remarkable dwelling was well preserved in the gravel. The roof was made of the ribs of an immense whale or some mammoth beast long ago extinct. The ribs, from 20 to 30 feet long, were set to a center column of rocks after the fashion of an umbrella. Over the framework skins had evidently been stretched. The gravel was washed in so gradually that many of the ribs had scarcely moved.

Convinced of the primitive nature of the dwelling because of the fact that there are no such bones seen anywhere in the northern tundra, the men began digging to see what lay on the floor and were successful in unearthing a stone hatchet weighing 27 pounds, a stone knife, or skinning knife, fashioned like the modern drawknife of the wood worker, and a bodaka, or boat bailer, a rock shaped like a trough.

The utensils and tools were carried back to Point Barrow.

When W. W. Meredith, a farmer at Woodland, Alberta, Canada, dressed some ducks for the local markets he found the stomachs of several birds filled with flake gold, seven of the pieces measuring rom a sixteenth to an eight of an inch in diameter.

The United States buys one billion pounds of coffee annually.

Making Sponges Grow

St. Nicholas.

BISCAYNE BAY, Sugarloaf Key, Anclote Keys and Key West, on the Florida coast, are the principal places in this country where experiments in sponge culture have been made. The various methods are as follows. "Seed" sponges are cut into small pieces, and, after being attached by wiring or spindle to circular or triangular cement blocks, are dropped or lowered (depending upon the depth) to rest on the ocean bottom, where they remain for a year or two, until they reach a size proper for commercial purposes. They are then taken by the hook, when new cuttings are attached, and the cement blocks let down again.

Another method was to string them on a wire held horizontal by stakes driven in the bottom. In doing this, however, various difficulties arose. The sponges became loose and rotated on the wire, enlarging the hole made through them, and the action of the salt water corroded and destroyed the wires, until, after many trials and experiments, a lead wire with a copper core was successfully used.

Mother Wildcat

UNCLE Ned Buckshaw" stoutly affirms that no wildcat "since the world began" ever attacked a man without serious provocation.

I have a picture in my memory of a quiet Sunday morning in California when three full grown men came around the corner of a high rocky cliff and espied a mother wildcat and three half grown kittens at play. Whether it was "serious provocation" or not for us to appear without any sign of aggressiveness on our part I am not prepared to say. We were a good distance away and had no intention of making an attack. In fact we tried our best to withdraw quietly, for we knew something of that variety of feline in the open country and we wanted to avoid trouble.

After the fight was over and some of our wounds had been dressed; three sturdy, full grown men, all battered and torn, agreed that if the choice were given them to encounter a grizzly bear or a wildcat under similar conditions they would choose the grizzly every time.

I know the Nova Scotia wildcat, the Maine and New Hampshire variety, and their Pennsylvania cousins. It is not safe to generalize on what they will or will not do for if cross or hungry they will attack human beings without the slighiest provocation. It is a matter of individual temperament

The birth rate in Italy is 31.52 to each seven thousand inhabitants.

Old Fashioned Spring Tonic Is the Best

(From National Health Journal.)

Statistics show that not one person in fifty emerges from the strains of winter in good health. Due to various causes the system becomes clogged with impurities and the liver, kidneys and bowels fail to perform their functions properly. As a result we have faded, sallow complexions, liver spots, "spring fever," lost appetite, no energy—in fact, feel sick without knowing the cause.

For correcting these disorders there is nothing so far discovered to equal the old-fashioned kardene tonic which can be made at home at small cost. Get an ounce of kardene from any druggist and dissolve in one-half pint alcohol, then add one-half cupful sugar and hot water to make a quart.

A tablespoonful before each meal soon rids the system of impurities, clears the skin and restores the whole body to its normal, healthy condition.

SMALL CAUSES, BIG EFFECTS

New York World.

The popular view of the federal supreme court as a court of last resort for suits remote from ordinary litigants is dispelled by the apparently trival nature of a number of cases now before it for decision. Among these, and on the same docket with cases involving railroad regulation and the dissolution of trusts, are actions in which the questions at issue are the size of bakers' loaves, the loss of a wedding ring in transit, the use of an automatic shotgun in duck hunting and a burn on a woman's back caused by X-rays.

But though the suits may seem insignificant in themselves, on the lost ring depends the liability of express companies for damages, on the bakers' loaves hangs the interpretation of an amendment to the constitution, and the decision in the case of the duck hunter's gun will determine the constitutionality of a Pennsylvania statute.

From such small beginnings springs the litigation which, equally with questions of railway and corporation regulation, involves fundamental principles of law. How many remember now that the Dred Scott case began in a matter of assault and battery?

Taking Love for Granted.

Edward Howard Griggs.

One man will settle down into the routine of his calling, digging the rule deeper each year, until he loses power to see out from them. Another, in the same vocation, shows an ability to make each day's work a source of new growth in power and in appreciation. So one person will rest passively on the fact of some well established love or friendship and thus lose after a time the beauty of the relationship and the meaning it only possessed for his life; while another actively woos the love of his friend every day, and so finds a deep, ever opening below deep in the relationship, with an ever fresh realization of the truth and wonder of life.

The Money Cost of Wrecks

Thaddeus S. Dayton, in Harper's Weekly.

THE greatest need of railway operation in America and everywhere in the world is some practical safety stop device which can both halt train and signal them simultaneousiy when danger lies in their path.

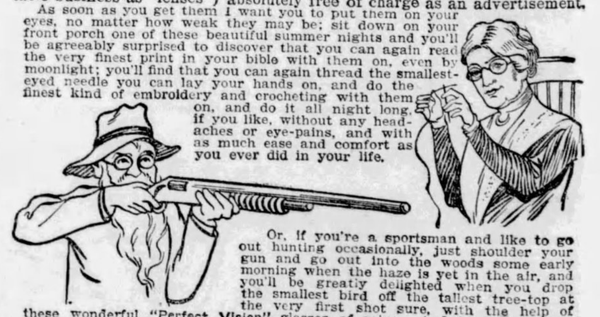
The reduction of the wreck waste of one year by 10 per cent would be a saving so great that railway dividends could be increased by 2 per cent. If half the waste could be eliminated, the net earnings of the American railways would be 125 millions greater. This would be about 10 per cent of total capital invested. It would solve the financial side of most of the transportation problems. It would transform the railway business by eliminating its chief element of loss.

Injuries to persons, damage to freight and property and clearing wrecks are only one-fifth of the wreck bill. The other 200 million dollars are made up of the items of renewals and repairs to the rolling stock caused by wreck damage directly or indirectly. Beyond that is stil another total that never can be calculated—the cost of interruption of traffic. This increases faster than the rule of arithmetical progression. On a busy line a stoppage of traffic for 60 seconds means a loss of $250. In an hour this loss may reach $25,000. It is more than trebled the second hour, and goes on increasing until in the third hour the blocked railroad is losing $1,000, $2,000, 5,000 a minute—no one can calculate how much. The material damage to property becomes insignificant compared with it. Traffic piles up on both sides of the obstruction, and an increasing number of employes are idle. Also the longer the delay the greater the hazard of more accidents.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to mail you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses (known in the spectacle business as "lenses") absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.



As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight; you'll find that you can again thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long, if you like, without any headaches or eye-pains, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

Or, if you're a sportsman and like to go out hunting occasionally, just shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some early morning when the haze is yet in the air, and you'll be greatly delighted when you drop the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top at the very first shot sure, with the help of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses of mine. And in the evening, when the shadows are gathering in the twilight, you'll easily distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on—and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself for reading, sewing, hunting, driving, indoors, outdoors, anywhere and everywhere, anyway and everyway. Then after a thorough tryout, if you find that every word I have said about them is as honest and as true as gospel, and if they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep them forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance. Won't you help me introduce my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below four-dollar coupon at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write your name, address and age on the below coupon at once.

$4 DR. HAUX—The Spectacle Man—ST. LOUIS, MO. $4

I herewith enclose this four-dollar coupon, which you agreed in the above advertisement to accept in full and complete payment of a brand new pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" glasses, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

My age is.....

Name .....

Postoffice .....

Rural Route and Box No.....State.....

$4 $4

ASTHMA

Remedy sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1. If not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 631 Ohio ave., Sidney, O.

I Cure Backache Free

I want every man and woman suffering from backache, urinary disorders, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, or rheumatism to try my thirty days treatment; sent free, prepaid. If it cures, pay me $1.00. If it fails, pay nothing. A. H. EATON, CHEMIST, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. Write me today and I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing treatment that will, undoubtedly, prove to you that Eczema is curable. DR. CANNADAY, 917 Court Block, Sedalia, Mo.

I WILL DEVELOP ANY Woman's Bust

I will Tell Any Woman Absolutely Free of Charge How To Do It Positively and Safely.

Many women believe that the bust cannot be developed or brought back to its former vigorous condition. Thousands of women have mainly used massage, electricity, pump instruments, ointments, general tonics, constitutional treatments, exercises and other methods without results.

Any Woman May Now Develop Her Bust

I will explain to any woman the plain truth in regard to bust development, the reason for failure and the way to success. The Mdme. Du Barrie Positive French Method is different from anything else ever brought before American women. By this method, any lady—young, middle aged or elderly—may develop her bust from 2 to 8 inches in 30 days, and see definite results in 3 to 5 days, no matter what the cause of the lack of development. It is based on scientific facts absolutely.

This method has been used in Europe with astounding success, and has been accepted as the most postive method nown. To any woman who will send a 2c stamp to pay postage, I will send complete illustrated booklet of information, sealed in plain envelope. Address

Mdme. Du Barrie,
Suite 3703 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago.

Erickson Leg

Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump. Send for Catalog.

Arms, Crutches, Stockings. SOLD ON EASY TERMS. L. H. Erickson Artificial Limb Co., 2 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Largest Limb Factory in World.

WILSON MAY KEEP COMMERCE COURT

President Likely to Recommend to Congress Retention of Tribunal.

Washington, April 11.—President Wilson may recommend to congress that the United States commerce court be continued as a permanent member of the national judicial system. There is reason to believe he contemplates asking congress to extend the life of the court in spite of the fact that the Democrats voted for its abolition and refused during the last session to grant funds for its maintenance during the next fiscal year.

In addition the President is said to favor legislation empowering the court to deal with all anti-trust questions and also questions coming up from the tribunals of the outlying territorial possessions.

The commerce court was created at the instance of President Taft for the purpose of concentrating into a single body all the questions arising through the regulation of railroads by the interstate commerce commission. Prior to its authorization the several circuit courts decided these questions with the result that many decisions were handed down in direct conflict with each other.

President Taft made the mistake in organizing the court of placing a man upon it like Robert W. Archbald, of Pennsylvania. Archbald's impeachment by the senate resulted in his dismissal, but the fact that he was connected with the tribunal placed a blot upon it which strengthened the popular demand that it go. In addition the court rendered a number of unpopular decisions, some of which were disapproved by the supreme court.

As a result of the operations of the court during the last four years its relation to the interstate commerce commission has been sharply defined, and it has now become apparent the two bodies from now on will be able to work together as harmoniously as their different functions admit. As time goes on, however, and the law with respect to interstate carriers becomes settled there will be little business for the court to transact.

Would Relieve Supreme Court.

Foreseeing this situation the new administration has come to the conclusion that the court can be utilized to relieve the supreme court of a great deal of work. Take, for example, the litigation coming up from the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Panama canal zone. At the present time this has to be considered by the supreme court. Frequently there is no big national policy involved. The disputes are of a mere legal character, but the supreme court has to take time to dispose of them. It is now proposed to give the commerce court jurisdiction over all such questions, permitting an appeal to the supreme court on a writ of certiorari only.

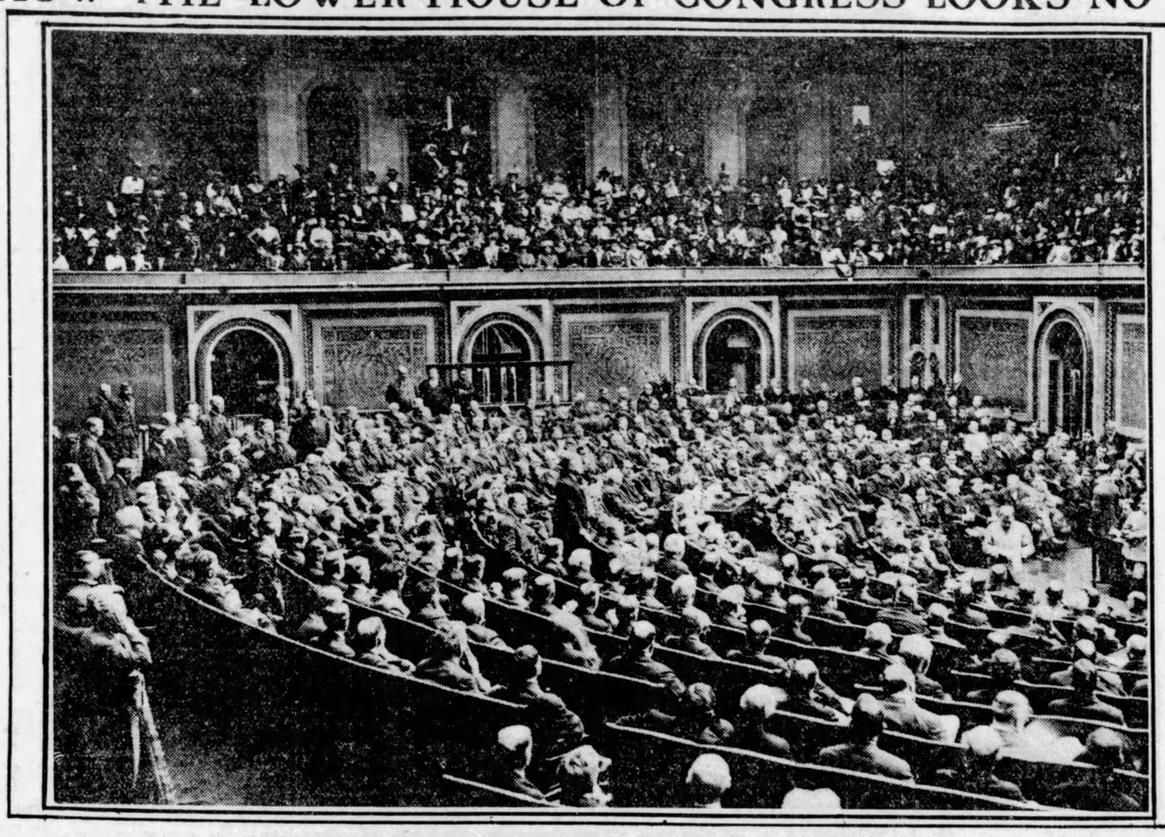
But the most important suggestion under consideration in connection with the commerce court is that it shall be a real court of commerce. That is to say, it shall deal not only with railroad companies but with those of big business combinations.

At the present time when the government proceeds against a trust it must do so in the circuit where the concern is doing business. This necessitates the assembling of three judges living in different states.

This situation would not be possible were the commerce court to be charged with the consideration of such questions. The court has its headquarters in Washington and is empowered to sit wherever it wills in the United States. It could be promptly reached by the attorneys on both sides and would be ready at all times to issue orders of a proper character. The supreme court has given exhaustive interpretations of the anti-trust law which the commerce court would be able to enforce. In anti-trust cases, however, it is probable that appeals would lie directly from the commerce court to the supreme court.

It is estimated that an annual saving of $25,000 would be made through the abolition of the commerce court. But it is declared this would be more than offset by the expenses placed upon the court which would have to transact the business now performed by the commerce body.

HOW THE LOWER HOUSE OF CONGRESS LOOKS NOW



With the new seating arrangements for the house, the appearance is more like that of the house of commons in the British parliament, though the circular effect is not carried out in the house of commons. Prior to the present arrangement each member of congress had a desk.

LONDON SEEKS LOST AMERICAN

Police Find No Trace of Jos. W. Martin, of Memphis, Mysteriously Missing.

London, April 14.—Mystery still surrounds the disappearance of Joseph W. Martin, of Memphis, Tenn., who has been missing since April 3. While the discovery of his torn pocketbook first suggested to the police that the American had been murdered and his body thrown into the Thames, they are now inclined to the theory that he is still alive and for some reason is keeping his whereabouts secret.

Hat Is Recovered.

The opera hat which the workmen who picked up the pocketbook saw in the road, but left there, has been turned over to the police by a boy who found it the same morning. The boy took it to work with him and it was used by him and his companions for a football and afterwards put in a worker's nose bag, where it remained until this morning.

The river police continue to drag the bed of the Thames and to keep a sharp lookout for the body.

All the hotels in London have been visited for evidence and the police are now making a house to house search among lodging and boarding houses. They are working on the theory that Martin has left the country and for purposes of his own is keeping his movements secret.

Thrown from Train.

The pocketbook and opera hat may have been thrown from the window of a train, the police say. Expert criminals, the police believe, would have destroyed them.

The only credit Martin ever had at a London bank was exhausted on the occasion of a previous visit, but it is believed he carried credit notes.

PLEISTOCENE MAN WITH A BIG BRAIN

New Find in England of a Skeleton of the Post-Paleolithic Period.

London, April 11.—Light on a very obscure prehistoric period in England will, it is expected, be thrown at a meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Anthropological Institute tomorrow, when W. H. Cook will describe a discovery of human remains in a deposit of brick earth near the village of Halling, on the west bank of the Medway.

The importance of the discovery lies not in the actual light it throws on the transition stage from the paleolithic to the neolithic periods, but in the assurance it gives to archaeologists that material still exists from which the history of this long-past period can be reconstructed.

The discovery, which consisted of a skeleton, was made last August in the course of excavation work. It lay in a stratum of brick earth, with four overlaying strata, the lines of which were unbroken and undisturbed. It was evident that the four upper strata had been formed since the human remains were deposited.

Subsequent discoveries threw light on the probable period at which the burial was made. They included charred wood, bones, and a number of worked flints. Experts examined the flints, which belong to an indeterminate class occurring both in late paleolithic and early neolithic times. Animal bones that were found are assigned to the same date.

One expert expresses the opinion that the brick-earth in which the skeleton was found belong to a late pleistocene formation. In the corresponding terrace on the opposite side of the valley the remains of pleistocene animals occur, and it may be inferred that the brick-earth in which the skeleton was found is of like age.

Very little is known of the English people at this transitional period. The Tilbury remains, which were found in 1883 at a depth of 34 feet, were usually regarded as the solitary representative of the Englishmen of the transitional period.

The brick-earth at Halling are considerably older than the formations at Tilbury. Prof. Keith has found, however, close resemblance between the Halling and the Tilbury men. Both were strongly built, small men about 5 feet 4 inches in stature. The Halling man had a brain capacity little above the modern average for such a head. The head is well formed, with no trace of the great overhanging brow-ridges which characterize the Neanderthal skull.

As was the case with the Tilbury skull, the teeth of the Halling man are much worn. Most of the molar teeth were lost prematurely through disease. The disease, however, was not that which affects the teeth of modern civilized races, namely caries, but obsesses formed at the roots as a result of overwear of the teeth, with exposure of the pulp cavities.

THRONG CHOKES STREETS AT FUNERAL OF MORGAN

Hundred Policemen Required to Keep Back Multitude —Body of Great Banker Lies Under 5,000 Red Roses Strewn Over His Bier.

New York, April 14.—A crowd that the police estimated at 25,000 persons choked the thoroughfares leading to the church. Across Second avenue, in Stuyvesant Square, directly opposite the entrance to the church, 5,000 more had been waiting for hours.

A hundred policemen kept back the throngs. So great was the crush when the bells began tolling as the funeral party left the Morgan home that for several blocks in each direction the police stopped all vehicle traffic.

New York, April 14.—Funeral services over the body of J. Pierpont Morgan were held at 10 o'clock this morning in St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, where he had worshiped for half a century. Afterwards a special train conveyed the funeral party to Hartford, Conn., for final services at the Morgan mausoleum in Cedar Hill cemetery.

Blanketed by a covering of 5,000 red roses, Mr. Morgan's favorite flower, the coffin left the Morgan library where the body had lain in state since Friday night, shortly before 10 o'clock for the church. A vested choir of 250 voices preceded the funeral party into St. George's. Behind the choir came the clergy, then the pall bearers, the coffin and the family.

1,500 in Church.

Fifteen hundred persons, one of the most notable gatherings New York has seen for many years, were crowded into the church. Admission was by card only. So great had been the demand for tickets that many hundreds could not be accommodated. Not half of the congregation of St. George's, with whom Mr. Morgan had worshipped, obtained admission.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's. The Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, bishop of the diocese of Boston; the Rt. Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, bishop of the diocese of Connecticut, and the Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, bishop of the diocese of New York. These were the clergymen chosen by Mr. Morgan in his written instructions made some time before his death.

Root a Pall Bearer.

There were 12 honorary pall bearers, selected chiefly from the cluster of men closely identified with Mr. Morgan in his career. They were George S. Bowdoin, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Robert W. DeForest, Henry Fairfield Osborn, United States Senator Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, Robert Bacon, George F. Baker, Dr. J. W. Markoe, Elbert H. Gary, Seth Low and Martin W. Paton.

The chancel was banked high with floral offerings, but these were only a small part of the hundreds that have poured into the Morgan home. Most of those were left behind and will be distributed to the hospitals. Among the flowers there were orchids and palm leaves from the emperor of Germany; a gold Maltese cross beneath a crown of palms from the French republic; a garland of violets and lilies of valley from the British ambassador; a wreath of orchids from the Italian government. About 50 floral pieces were selected to be taken to Hartford.

Follow Ritual.

There was no variation in the services from the Episcopal ritual. The chant from the Thirty-ninth and Ninetieth Psalms, "Lord, let me know my end and the number of my days," was sung as the coffin entered the church. "Asleep in Jesus," and "Lead Kindly Light," favorite hymns of Mr. Morgan, were sung by the choir; "Calvary" was sung as a solo by Harry Burleigh, the baritone of St. George's. As the funeral party left the church, the choir sang the Recessional, "For All Thy Saints Who From Their Labors Rest."

IMPRESSIVE MORGAN SERVICE HELD IN LONDON

London, April 14.—A cosmopolitan audience attended memorial services for the late J. P. Morgan in Westminster Abbey today. King George was represented by Capt. Sir Walter Campbell, groom-in-waiting, and Queen Alexandra by the Hon. John Ward, equerry to the king. Official, diplomatic, financial, art and church circles were present in force, and large numbers of Americans, both resident and transient attended.

The dean of Westminster officiated, assisted by a number of clergy. The service duplicated the funeral service at New York. At the conclusion Sir Frederick Bridge played the Dead March on the great organ, the whole congregation standing. The chief mourners were distant relatives of the late J. Pierpont Morgan and representatives of his London banking house.

HERE'S GREATEST PLAN TO IRRIGATE

Kansas Commercial Bodies Will Ask Railway to Supply Current for Pumps.

Topeka, Kas., April 11.—Plans for the largest irrigation project yet devised in the United States will be considered at a meeting in the near future of commercial organizations in the Kansas-Colorado Arkansas river valley and representatives of the Santa Fe railroad. The meeting is planned for Topeka and the railroad will be asked to aid the project.

The plan was conceived by C. C. Isley, big lumberman and president of the Cimmaron, Kan., Commercial Club. The Santa Fe will be asked to electrify its system from Dodge City west, the main object being to provide cheap power for the establishment of pumping irrigation plants on every farm in the Kansas-Colorado Arkansas valley.

Pumping Irrigation Planned.

Pumping irrigation has developed in the last few years as an ideal substitute. So far as is known not a single pumping plant that has been installed in the valley has proven a failure.

It is known positively that there is a vast underground lake throughout the semi-arid sections of both states extending from 10 to 15 miles on either side of the river bed. In the bottom lands the water level of this underflow is reached at from seven to 15 feet below the surface. As the surface of the land rises to the uplands on either side the depth increases, but in no case has it so far been reached at a depth so great as to make pumping irrigation unprofitable.

Would Use Electrical Power.

Most of the pumps now in operation are run by gasoline engines, but the cost of installation and operation is greater than many farmers can afford and a cheaper power is needed. Should the Santa Fe electrify its system and furnish power at a reasonable rate, thousands of acres in both states would be put under water at once.

The commercial bodies of the valley feel that as gasoline power has proven a success a cheaper power would make a veritable garden of thousands of acres now subjected to dry rfaming methods. All public spirited organizations in the valley west of Dodge City have been invited by the Cimarron Club to meet in conference to lay plans for inducing the Santa Fe to join in the move. The clubs are rapidly accepting the invitation and so far no refusal has been reported. Moneyed and influential men in all parts of the valley are enthused with the idea and a vigorous campaign will doubtless result.

PROPOSES INHERITANCE TAX

Senator Would Tax Huge Fortunes Even 50 Per Cent.

Washington, April 9.—An inheritance tax that would run as high as 50 per cent on fortunes over $15,000,000, was proposed in a bill introduced in the senate today by Senator Jones of Washington. The measure would impose inheritance tax on all esates except where the bequest is to the members of the immediate family, in which case there would be an exemption of $25,000, and a reduced tax rate.

The general inheritance tax proposed is as follows:

On estates of less than $5,000, one per cent; from $5,000 to $50,000 two per cent; from $50,000 to $250,000, five per cent; from $250,000 to $750,000, 10 per cent; fro $750,000 to $1,500,000, 15 per cent; from $1,500,000 to $3,000000, 20 per cent; from $3,000,000 to $7,000,000, 25 per cent; from $7,000,000 to $15,000,000, 40 per cent; above $15,000,000, 50 per cent.

No constitutional amendment would be necessary to impose an inheritance tax.

KING MAY ABDICATE

Nicholas of Montenegro Makes Plans.

London, April 9.—King Nicholas, of Montenegro, has definitely arranged plans to abdicate his throne if force is employed by the European powers against his little kingdom. This announcement was made in official Montenegrin circles here today.

The arrangements for this action were made by King Nicholas in consultation with King Peter of Servia. The agreement provides that King Nicholas shall abdicate and with his family quit his country.

Montenegro will then effect a union with Servia while King Nicholas and his family will be given an appropriate provision from the civil list and will reserve a right of succession to the Serbo-Montenegrin throne.

INAUGURATION IN JANUARY?

Washington, April 9.—Proposed constitutional amendment to provide for the convening of congress on the second Tuesday in January each year was sought in a measure introduced today by Representative Barkley, of Kentucky, a new member.

GETS MILLIONS FROM FATHER WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN

Detroit, April 14.—From poverty and the obscurity of a little country town to the possession of a fortune of $2,000,000 is the Aladdin-like story of 21-year-old Elvin Leschappelle, of Grayling, this state. Within a few weeks he will receive his share of the estate left by his father, a millionaire lumberman of northern Wisconsin, whom he never has seen.

The young man's parents, Joseph Leschappelle and Mary Taylor, quarreled within a month after their marriage. The husband left Grayling and never returned.

After the birth of her son the young mother secured a divorce and remarried, leaving the child with her father.

Joseph Leschappelle went to Wisconsin, where he engaged in the lumber business and became wealthy. He also remarried and one son was born from this union. The millionaire recently died.

PRESENTS WAGE BILL

U. S. Senator Has Measure for Women.

Washington, April 9.—A minimum wage of $9 per week for all women and girls employed in work which goes into interstate commerce and a prohibition against the employment of girls under 15 years old, are proposed in a bill, introduced today by Senator Chilton. Under its terms the $9 minimum wage would apply to all women employed in transportation, telegraph and like interstate service and to women employed in manufacturing establishments whose products are shipped in interstate commerce.

WILSON WILL NOT AID JAPS

U. S. to Keep Hands Off California Land Bill.

Washington, April 9.—President Wilson let it be known today that the federal government would not interfere with pending legislation in California by which aliens who have not declared their intention of becoming naturalized as American citizens, are prohibited from owning land or property. He communicated this decision informally to Representative Raker.

St. Louis capitalists have formed a corporation capitalized at $10,000,000 to operate illuminating plants in seven cities.

MORGAN'S AIM HIGH

Financier Wanted to Make New York First in Art.

New York, April 11.—"To see New York the greatest repository of art in the world!"

That was the wish of J. Pierpont Morgan, according to recent statement by Dr. Edward Robinson, director of the Metropolitan Art Museum, and, since the death of the great collector, thousands of persons have been calling at the curator's office to ask a question none may answer—yet.

"Will the Morgan heirs carry out his plans?"

It has been learned that Mr. Morgan made his son and executors sole confidants in the matter of the disposition of his great collection, leaving to the son the final decision.

J. P. Morgan, Jr., in an interview yesterday acknowledged the public's proper interest in the matter, but said:

"I will have to be excused from making a public announcement now. It is not time yet for me to make known my father's decision as to the collections. A statement will be made after a proper period has passed."

It is understood that the Metropolitan Art Museum in this city practically has been made over since Mr. Morgan became interested in it and took up active control there. For he has given it vast treasures and loaned it many more.

Museum's Added Treasures.

Within a few years the treasures of art which came to the Metropolitan from all sources reached a figure placed at $150,000,000 and which might be $200,000,000.

The South Kensington Museum (now the Victoria and Albert) and other London museums for many years were conspicuous by reason of art collections loaned by Mr. Morgan, but these treasures, estimated to be worth $50,000,000, were brought to the United States by Mr. Morgan in the last year.

They are now at the Metropolitan Art Museum. It was only one of the big moves made by a man who was thinking big. Others followed. Some of the principal objects and their valuations follow:

Some of the Riches.

Set of Gothic tapestry, $500,000; Raphael's "Colonna Madonna," $500,000; set of Fragonard panels, $525,000; the Gitzmannu collection of seventh and sixteenth century goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work $300,000; Major Holford's Landscape by Hobbema, $150,000; the Pfungst collection of bronzes, $200,000; two Houdon busts, "The Given Kiss" and "The Bought Kiss," $100,000; "The Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough, $200,000; and Lord Coventry's set of three Rose du Barry Sevres vases, $75,000.

Several other great American fortunes had followed Mr. Morgan's lead. They were spending much of their time and kept connoisseurs constantly employed scouring the treasureholds of Europe and far away parts of the earth in search of paintings, sculpture, tapestries, bronzes, jewels, enamels, crystal shrines, and, in fact, everything in the field of fine art that the Old World wanted to keep and he wanted the New World to have and to hold.

No account of Mr. Morgan's art treasures other than one prepared by those to whom he has been entrusted the work of caring for them would come even close in giving an idea of their value, range and extent.

America's Place in Art.

There are art experts who declare that the collections of fine arts in America now actually surpass those of the Old World. Most will point to the splendor and magnificence of the Metropolitan Art Museum as the example.

They compare it with the Louvre in Paris, the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, the South Kensington Museum in London, the Vatican, and the Ufizzi in Florence.

Besides the Metropolitan, they advance the claims of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, whose treasures have been conservatively estimated at more than $50,000,000. Then they back it up with the magnificent private collections of other great fortunes—the Vanderbilt and Henry C. Frick collections in New York.

PRISONERS WILL WORK OUT TERMS ON MODEL FARM

Edmonton, Alta., April 9.—Short term prisoners will hereafter work out their fines on a model farm, to be established by the municipality at a cost of $13,000 on a plot of land near Big Island, on the Saskatchewan river, 12 miles southwest of here. This will be the first prison farm in western Canada.

Frederick W. Lyons, now in the employ of the provincial government of Ontario at Guelph, will be superintendent of the institution. Eight thousand dollars of the cost will be borne by current revenue, the balance being raised by the sale of debentures, running 10 years.

Dr. Lyons will have two assistants on the farm, 50 acres of which has been under cultivation. The prisoners will assist in erecting the necessary buildings, in addition to repairing those already on the ground, and will clear the land of fallen trees. The wooded portion of the farm will be cleared and cultivated, the hillsides being reforested. The land will be used for dairying, truck farming, poultry growing and gardening, the output being sold in local markets at prevailing prices.

There are several large deposits of gravel and sand along the bank of the river the products of which are to be used for building purposes. Investigations also will be made to determine the existence of clay for manufacturing purposes.

R. B. Chadwick, head of the department of neglected children in Alberta, and who has had a varied experience with delinquents of all classes, says Mr. Lyons will give a good account of his work, predicting also the saving of thousands of dollars to the people of Edmonton.

"Snap Shot" Money in Your Pocket

Big CASH Profits For You We will put you in your own, quick-paying business where you will make $20 a day. You can do it just the same as our other men. Here are some late reports: Cable of Wyo., writes: "Made $27.00 in 2 hours." Bryant, of Colo., made $16.00 in 6 hours. Evans of Miss., says: "Made $15.75 last Tuesday." Ferry, of Ky., "Made $50.00 in 2 days." Hundreds of actual, bona fide letters like these on file.

Now is your chance to get out of the "time clock" line and the "pay envelope" brigade. Be a one minute photographer. New business—tremendous opportunities—the world for your field—travel or at home—all or spare time—big, quick, clean profits at private houses, parties, picnics, on the street, in the small towns, in great cities, at fairs, carnivals, conventions, reunions, street parades, aviation meets, etc., etc.—NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—Profits begin at once—first day—first minute—and you Make 500% on Every Sale. Don't delay—don't wait—act—write at once for complete free information about

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A new invention—wonderful machine, that takes, finishes and delivers five different styles of photos. Turns out original post card photos (also button pictures) at the rate of three a minute right on the spot where you take them. Wonderful, new, photographic process—startling—sensational—

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Machine is everything in one—a complete portable post card gallery. Excites interest, arrests attention, compels immediate order from every onlooker. Small capital starts you. Sale of supplies that come to you with outfit practically gives you back entire investment—and you have the business clear and fully established. You begin making money the same day the outfit arrives. Immediate sales—immediate profits. If you are sincere and really want to make $2,000 this year—DO NOT DELAY—show us that you are in earnest—that you mean business. We will show you how to get the money. Write NOW—AT ONCE—INFORMATION IS FREE. Address either office.

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THE MARKETS

Toledo, April 14.—There was a feeling of general weakness in the wheat market today. The weather map was all the bear side wished, showing clear weather throughout the west and northwest. Reports of renewal of seeding and farm work in those sections also helped the selling side. Northwest receipts were again heavy today.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	April 14.	April 12.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.10½	1.10½	1.08¾	1.08¾	1.11
May	1.10½	1.10½	1.08¾	1.08¾	1.11
July	92¾	92¾	92¼	92¼	92¾
Sept	91¾	91¾	91¾	91¾	92
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	50½	57½
May	56¾	56¾	....	56¾	57¾
July	57¼	57¾	57¾	57½	58¼
Sept.	58¾	58¾	58¾	58½	59¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	30½	37½
May	37¾	37¾	....	37¾	37¾
July	36¼	36¾	....	36¾	36¾
Sept.	35¾	35¾	....	35¾	36¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	13.60	....	....	13.65	13.15
April	13.60	....	....	13.60	13.15
Oct.	7.60	....	....	7.75	7.75
Dec.	7.50	....	....	7.40	7.70
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	64	62
No. 3	....	....	....	61	....
Alsike—					
Cash	12.85	....	....	12.55	12.50
Timothy—					
Cash	....	....	....	1.70	1.70
April	1.70	....	....	1.70	1.70
May	1.70	....	....	1.70	1.70
Sept.	1.95	....	....	1.95	1.95

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	90¾	90¾	89¾	90¾	91
July	89½	89¾	88¾	89¾	89¾
Sept.	89	89¼	88¼	88¾	89¼
Corn—					
May	55¼	55½	54¾	55¼	58¾
July	56¼	56½	55¾	56¼	59¾
Sept.	57¼	57¾	56¾	56¾	57¼
Oats—					
May	35	35	34¾	34¾	35
July	34¾	34¾	34¼	34¼	34¾
Sept.	34¼	34¼	33¾	33¾	34¾

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	98½
July	....	....	....	....	97

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	90¼	90¾
July	....	....	....	87¼	87¾

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	85¾	86¼
July	....	....	....	88	88¾

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	87¼	87¾
July	....	....	....	88¾	89¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	19.97	20.02	19.75	19.75	19.97
July	20.17	20.20	19.90	19.92	20.12
Sept.	19.90	....	....	19.92	19.90
Lard—					
May	10.97	10.97	10.85	10.87	10.95
July	11.00	11.00	10.87	10.87	10.95
Sept.	11.00	....	....	10.87	10.95
Ribs—					
May	11.35	11.35	11.22	11.22	11.36
July	11.15	11.15	11.02	11.02	11.15
Sept.	10.97	....	....	10.85	10.95

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, April 14.—Butter steady; creameries, 27@34c. Eggs steady; receipts, 30,152 cases; at mark, cases included, 17 1-4@18c; ordinary firsts, 17 1-4@17½c; firsts, 17¾@18 1-4c. Potatoes unchanged; receipts, 78 cars; Michigan, 45@47c; Minnesota, 43@47c; Wisconsin, 46@48c. Poultry easier; dressed turkeys nominal; live chickens, 17½; live springs, 17¾c.

New York Produce.

New York, April 14.—Flour quiet; spring patents $4.40@4.60; winter straights, $4.40@4.50; winter patents, $4.70@5.10; spring clears $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1, winter, $3.80@4.00; extra, No. 2, winter, $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.00@4.20. Wheat—scattered commission house selling on the fine weather and crop advices caused a moderate decline in wheat early. May 98 5-16@98¼.

Pork firm; mess $21.75@22.50; family, $24.00@25.00; packets, $22.00@22.50. Beef firm; mess $19.00@20.00; family, $23.00@24.00. Lard, firm; middle west, $11.20@11.30. Raw sugar, quiet; Muscovado, 2.83@2.86c; centrifugal, 3.33@3.36c; molasses, 2.58@2.61. Refined crushed, 5.05; fine granulated, 4.35c; powdered, 4.45c. Petroleum steady; refined New York, bulk $4.80; barrels, $8.50; cases, 10.80. Molasses steady; New Orleans open kettle, 35@55c. Hay firm; No. 1, $1.05; No. 2, 85@95c; No. 3, 75@80c. Hides steady; Bogota, 28½@29½c; Central American, 28¾c. Leather steady; hemlock firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c.

Butter, firm; receipts, 5,684 tubs; creamery, extras, 35½c; firsts, 34½@35c; seconds, 33½@34c; thirds, 31@32½c; state dairy, finest, 34@35c; good to prime, 31@33c; common to fair, 27@30c; process, extras, 29½@30½c; firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 25@26c; imitation creamery, firsts, 28@29c; factory, current make, firsts, 25½@26c; do, seconds, 24½@25c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 24c; No. 3, 20@23c. Cheese irregular; receipts, 594 boxes; state, whole milk, colored, specials, 17@17¼c; do, white, specials, 16½@16¾c; do, colored, average fancy, 16@16½c; do, white, average fancy, 15¾@16c; state, whole milk, held, lower grades, 11@15c; state, whole milk, white or fresh, colored, specials, 13@13¼c; do, white or colored, average fancy, 12½@12¾c; state, whole milk, fresh, lower grades, 12@12¼c; state, whole milk, daisies, held, best, 16@17c; Wisconsin, whole milk, held, twins, 13½@13¾c; skims, 10@13c.

Eggs weak; receipts, 20,495 cases; fresh gathered, extras, 21c; fresh gathered, storage packed, firsts, 20½@20½c; do, regular packed, firsts, northerly, 18½@19½c; do, southerly, 18@18½c; fresh gathered, seconds, 17½@18c; thirds, 17@17½c; fresh gathered dirties, No. 1, 17@17¼c; No. 2, 16@16½c; fresh gathered checks, prime, 14@15c; ordinary grades, checks, 14@15½c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery, whites, good to large size, new laid, 21½@22c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby whites, defective or color, 20@21c; western gathered, storage packed, 21c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 20½@21c. Dressed poultry steady; fresh killed western fowls, 16½@18¼c; frozen turkeys, 15@20c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, April 14.—Butter—Creamery, extras, 35@35½c a pound; prints, 36@36½c; firsts, 33½@34c; seconds, 32½@33c; process, extras, 27@27½c; firsts, 25½@26c; dairies, fancy, 28@29c; do, choice, 24@25c; packing stock, No. 1, 20@21c; No. 2, 18@19c. Cheese—American, whole milk, fancy, twins and flats, 19@20c a pound; do, choice, 17@18c; brick, fancy, 18@19c; choice, 16@17c; Swiss, fancy, open, 23@24c; do, choice, 21@22c; limburger, fancy, 19@20c; do, choice, 17@18c; block, 21@22c; imported, fancy, 32@34c; do, choice, 31@32c; hand cheese, 50c a box; Roquefort, 45c a pound. Eggs—Fresh gathered, current receipts, 18½@19c a dozen; do seconds, 16½c. Poultry, alive—Chickens, 19½@20c a pound. Apples—Per barrel, $1.75@3.00, according to quality; western, box, 75c@$1.75. Potatoes—Jobbing, 50@53c a bushel; store, 55@60c; car lots, 45@48c; Florida Triumphs and Rose, Nos. 1, $1.75 a hamper; No. 2, $1.40@1.50; Hastings, $5.50@5.75 a barrel.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 14.—Hogs—Receipts, 37,000; market steady; bulk of sales, $9.15@9.35; light, $9.10@9.40; mixed, $9.05@9.40; heavy, $8.10@9.52½; rough, $8.85@9.00; pigs, $7.00@9.25. Cattle—Receipts, 29,000; market steady; beeves, $7.25@9.20; Texas steers, $6.80@7.85; stockers and feeders, $6.10@8.15; cows and heifers, $3.90@8.35; calves, $6.75@9.00. Sheep—Receipts, 20,000; market steady; native, $6.25@7.40; yearlings, $6.75@8.50; lambs, native, $6.75@9.25.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, April 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 750; market steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 800; market slow; good to choice, $9.00@9.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 3,500; lambs weak; sheep steady; choice clipped lambs, $7.65@7.85; fair to good, $6.00@7.25. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; market 5@10c higher; heavies, $9.40; mediums, $9.55@9.60; roughs, $8.35; stags, $7.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, April 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,800; choice heavy steers, $8.40@8.90; fat steers, $8.00@8.50; fair steers, $5.65@6.90; choice heifers, $8.00@8.60; choice fat cows, $5.50@6.50; fair cows, $4.40@4.80; butcher bulls, $6.40@6.75; milch cows, $40.00@85.00. Hogs—Receipts, 5,500; market active; prime heavies, $9.85; heavy mixed, $9.70; mediums, heavy Yorkers, light Yorkers and pigs, $9.80@9.85. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6,500; market slow; prime weathers, $6.75; choice lambs, $8.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,500; market lower; good to choice veals, $9.75.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., April 14.—Cattle receipts 3,400; prime steers $8.75@9.00; shipping $8.00@8.65; butchers, $6.50@8.65; cows, $4.00@7.50; bulls, $5.75@7.50; heifers, $6.25@8.50; stockheifers, $5.50@6.00; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.75; fresh cows and springers, $55.00@84.00. Veals, 1,000, $5.00@10.00. Hogs, 14,000; heavy, $9.55@9.60; mixed, $9.65@9.70; yorkers, $9.50@9.75; pigs, $9.70@9.75; stags, one load, $6.50@6.75. Sheep—Receipts, 8,000; dairies, $8.50@8.75; choice handy weights, $8.40@8.50; light lambs, 13,000; wool lambs, $8.50@9.40; clipped lambs, $5.50@8.15; yearlings, $5.50@8.50; wethers, $7.00@7.85; ewes, $3.50@7.50; sheep mixed, $5.00@7.65.

Cotton.

New York, April 14.—Cotton futures opened steady, April, 11.08c offered; May, 11.79c; July, 11.75c; August, 11.66c; September, 11.40c; October, 11.34c; December, 11.37c; January, 11.34c. The market opened steady at a decline of 5 to 8 points in response to lower cables, a fairly good weather map, and unfavorable reports from the drygoods trade which is supposed to reflect uncertainty with reference to the tariff. Trading was active and the market appeared to be very much unsettled, but prices held within a point of two of the opening figures during the early session. Trading reflected heavy liquidation and bear pressure, while the decline was held in check by the profit taking of old shorts and scattered southern buying orders.

Cotton—Spot closed quiet; middling upland, 12.40c; middling gulf, 12.65c. Sales, 200 bales. The market became somewhat less active during the afternoon, and after having rallied to within a point or two of Saturday's closing figures eased off slightly under continued Wall Street liquidation and New Orleans selling. Estimated receipts at all the ports today, 12,000 bales against 27,008 last week and 16,262 last year; for the week, 115,000 against 105,622 last week and 112,854 last year; today's receipts at New Orleans, 3,280 against 3,100 last year; at Galveston, 2,629 against 3,775 last year, and at Houston, 4,101 against 257 last year.

Cotton futures closed steady. Closing bids: April, 11.75c; May, 11.78c; June, 11.80c; July, 11.79c; August, 11.68c; September, 11.44c; October, 11.38c; December, 11.41c; January, 11.38c.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

ASK SUNDAY TO PHILADELPHIA

Churchmen Act on Suggestion of John Wanamaker.

Philadelphia, April 9.—Rev. William A. Sunday, evangelist and former baseball player, was invited unanimously by an audience which overflowed the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church yesterday afternoon, to come to this city to conduct a series of evangelistic services. The invitation was extended at the suggestion of John Wanamaker.

Mr. Sunday, accompanied by his wife, came to this city from Wilkes-Barre, where he is conducting a series of meetings, to fulfill his acceptance of an invitation extended by the ministerial union of this city to deliver an address before the city's pastors.

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To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 134 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y. and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

Stop Using a Truss

FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applied to the parts made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckles or

GIGANTIC POLITICAL STRIKE IS TYING UP SHOPS OF BELGIUM

Brussels, April 14.—The vast political strike, planned by the Belgian Socialist trade unions, began at dawn today, the first workmen to take part in the movement were the night shifts of the mines and mills throughout the country. They left the various plants in charge of a few care takers, tolled off by Socialist leaders to keep the property from deteriorating.

At least 250,000 men laid down their tools during the morning. There were numerous exceptions to the general walkout in many districts, however.

Complete in Some Places.

The strike is complete in such places as the mining districts, but is scarcely discernible in some localities.

In Brussels itself the strike must be looked for in order to be found. Probably one-fourth of the workmen engaged in the suburban factories did not report for work today. The Socialist committee here estimated at 11 o'clock that 20,000 men had struck in the capital.

Reports from the provinces tell of complete stoppage of work at Liege, Chaleroi, Mons, La Louviere and smaller cities. At Mons there are 40,000 strikers and at La Louviere 26,000, most of them belonging to the metal, carriage building and tobacco trades.

At the great seaport of Antwerp, the strike did not appear until late in the day, and then only affected a part of the dock laborers.

The strike has been decided on by the Belgian Socialist party as the last, desperate measure to make the government give Belgium a system of manhood suffrage instead of the system of plural voting now in practice. Its success or non-success will be of consequence to the world at large, for it if succeeds it will demonstrate the practicability of the strike as a political weapon.

The Belgian movement appears to have been planned with extraordinary skill and care; the workers are determined and full of faith in the justice of their cause, the resources at their disposal are considerable, both in money and kind; and they have the practical, though unofficial support of the Liberals, none the less vigorous from being indirect.

The proprietor of the Liberal newspaper, the Petit B'eu, has promised formally to pay $20,000 a week into the strike fund as long as the movement lasts, and the strikers assert that they can hold out for six weeks.

Many Belgians believe that this strike will prove a turning point in the history of Belgium; that it will result in political changes of incalculable importance and some even predict a revolution, the separation of the Walloon and Flemish provinces, or a dynastics crisis.

The government, faced with this serious problem, meaning economic catastrophe for an industrial country like Belgium, has occupied itself chiefly in making arrangements to repress disorder, which the Socialists decide, as they are determined that the strike shall be peaceful.

PRAYS ON WITNESS STAND

Aged Man Startles Police Court Before Testifying.

London, April 15.—John Busby, an elderly man, startled the Godalming police court recently by uttering loud prayers in the witness box.

His son, William Busby, was the defendant in a horse cruelty case and Busby, Sr., gave evidence for the defense. Instead of taking the oath he clasped his hands together and with upturned face prayed: "Help me to speak the truth and nothing but the truth according to the laws of righteousness."

POPE AT WINDOW, ENJOYS THE SUN

Pontiff Calls His Physician a Tyrant and Wants to Sit Up.

Rome, April 15.—Prof. Ettore Marchiafata, the pope's physician, gave out the following statement today:

"The illness of the pope is now taking its normal course. The patient was much better during the forenoon after his night's rest. He had a slight setback late yesterday afternoon when his temperature rose slightly.

"If it is possible to induce Pope Pius to follow the orders of his medical advisers, the amelioration in his condition will bring with it a revival of strength.

"In other words, the recovery of the pope is chiefly in his own hands.

"The pope is a most difficult person to deal with. While apparently giving in to the recommendations of his physicians, the moment he feels slightly better he insists on having his own way, saying, 'I command here.'"

Weather Helps.

The clearing up of the weather today is taken as a hopeful augury for the recovery of the pope.

Father Parolin, the pope's nephew, helped his uncle through his morning toilet today and gave him is breakfast of weak coffee and milk.

Father Parolin who has installed himself in a small room in the Vatican adjoining the pope's apartments, declared this morning that the pope had suffered from only three coughing spells during the night, and that the cough was much easier. The pulse, he said, was stronger and the respiration more regular.

When Prof. Marchiafava appeared he pope was so cheerful that he joked with the physician and congratulated him on the realization of his prediction of recovery.

Carried to Window.

At 11 o'clock the pope was assisted from his bed and removed to an arm chair close by. He had been there only a few minutes when he showed signs of dissatisfaction.

"That tyrant, Marchiafava," he remarked, "forbids me to walk. At least carry me to the window so that I may enjoy the sun."

This was done immediately. At noon the pontiff took some chicken jelly, which seemed to refresh him greatly.

FARM BOARDS CONSOLIDATE

Columbus, April 15.—The administration agricultural department bill, consolidating the state departments and offices dealing with agriculture and the fish and game commission after July 15, passed the house today, 75 to 24, and goes to the governor for signature.

Just Escapes An Anarchist

Alfonso XIII., King of Spain

CROWN PRINCE ALFONSO OF SPAIN

Crown Prince Alphonso of Spain is in the public eye in European political and court circles because of the attempt on the life of his father, King Alphonso. Dispatches also state that the king is threatened with tuberculosis. If these reports are true and his condition becomes grave, the eyes of Europe would fasten upon this little child, who will be six years old May 10. King Alphonso will be 27 years old May 17.

LIFE OF SPAIN'S KING ATTEMPTED

Anarchist Tries to Slay Alfonso While Latter Rides in Park.

Madrid, April 14.—King Alfonso of Spain took a ride in the park this morning and was warmly saluted by the crowds who noisily expressed their joy that the king had escaped the bullets fired by the anarchist, Rafael Allegro, yesterday.

Allegro was still in merry mood today. During his examination he forced the guards surrounding him and the interrogating magistrates to laugh at his witty comments. Inquiries made by the police in Barcelona show that Allegro was recently rejected from the Spanish military service owing to his suffering from nervous attacks. He had been frequently without employment. His wife, it was learned today, is a woman of noble birth.

Three Shots Fired.

Three shots were fired at the king Sunday afternoon in the streets of the capital by a native of Barcelona, Rafael Sanchez Allegro, who was immediately overpowered.

Accompanied by his staff he was riding along the Calle de Alcala, returning from the ceremony of swearing in recruits, when a man sprang from the sidewalk and seized the bridle of the king's horse with one hand, presenting a revolver point blank with the other.

King Alfonso owes his escape to his own courage, quickness and skill as a horseman.

Powder Burns Glove.

The king, realizing the situation with lightning rapidity dug his spurs into his horse, which reared violently. His quickness saved his life. The bullet, instead of burying itself in the king's breast, struck the horse on the neck, but so close was it that the king's left hand glove was blackened by the powder discharge.

Before the assailant was able to pull the trigger again a secret service man sprang upon him. The two men fell to the ground locked in each others arms, struggling furiously. The assassin managed to free his revolver arm and fired two more shots in rapid succession, but the officer knocked his arm aside and the bullets flew harmlessly through the air.

At the sound of the first shot the king's staff forced their horses on the sidewalk and made a ring around the assassin, who fought fiercely in the grip of the secret service men.

Alfonso Displays Coolness.

Alfonso, who remained quite cool amidst the excitement, ordered the soldiers to open their ranks.

Premier Count Romon arrived early to congratulate the monarch on his escape.

The utmost care was taken to prevent the news of the affair reaching the queen. Her majesty is in a delicate condition, a family event being expected the middle of June.

Shouts Long Live Spain.

The king, as soon as he saw that the man had been secured, raised himself in the stirrups, turned to the crowd, gave a military salute and shouted in a ringing voice:

"Long live Spain!"

He then dismounted and reassured his staff, saying: "It is nothing, gentlemen."

Then uprose a mighty roar from the wildly enthusiastic masses, which rolled along in great waves of sound, all the way as the king rode to the palace, cool, collected and smiling.

A spectator, a pensioned royal halberdier, pushed forward so impetuously to offer his congratulations to the monarch that he was mistaken for another assailant and arrested. He was released as soon as the mistake was discovered. A young Frenchman, who was standing beside Allegro, was also arrested, but it does not appear that he was connected with him.

The crowds made a determined attempt to lynch Allegro, who was rushed into a house and kept there until an automobile ambulance, escorted by mounted police, transferred him to police headquarters.

ATTEMPTS UPON THE LIFE OF KING ALFONSO

- **April 13, 1913**—Attempt to shoot the king while he was riding in Madrid. Assassin captured.
- **Jan. 5, 1911**—Attempt to shoot king at Malaga. Assassin captured; king uninjured.
- **June 6, 1908**—Attempt to shoot king with his own rifle, near hunting lodge, just outside Madrid. Would-be assassin escaped; king unhurt.
- **May 31, 1906**—Sixteen soldiers killed in bomb throwing intended to kill king while he was riding to the castle in Madrid after he married Queen Victoria. Neither king nor queen was injured.
- **May 31, 1905**—Bomb thrown at the king while riding in carriage with President Loubet of France in Paris. Neither ruler was hurt; several soldiers were injured in protecting them.

REPORTS ON STORAGE

Dept. of Agriculture in Food Investigation.

Washington. D. C., April 14.—The increase in the cost of meats, butter, eggs, and other foods is only partly accounted for by the development of the cold storage business in the last ten years, according to a report issued by the department of agriculture. Cold storage has a tendency to produce uniformity of prices through the year.

The report is the result of a thorough investigation of the cold storage business and of the movements of food prices in this country in the last 30 years.

Butter, Pork and Eggs Higher.

Among the other conclusions of the report are these:

When prices as expressed in cents are used the price level of pork in the United States at large is found to have risen considerably in the period from 1902 to 1911, as compared with the preceding 20 years.

Apparently the price level of butter in cents in the United States has risen in the last period as compared with the first.

A much higher price level in cents is indicated for eggs in the last period than for the first.

In determining changes of price levels, as indicated by index numbers instead of by cents, a slight tendency toward a higher price level is indicated for fresh pork. For butter there is undoubted tendency toward a higher price level and the same conclusion is made for eggs.

Tendency Toward Uniformity.

For fresh beef there was a tendency toward uniformity of prices for only three of the 13 months; for mutton for nine of the 13 months; for pork for only five of the 13 months; for dressed poultry for eight of the 13 months; for butter for 11 of the 13 months, and for eggs for nine of the 13 months.

The fact was established that there is a general tendency toward uniformity of prices for four of the commodities mentioned and a contrary tendency for fresh beef and fresh pork.

"It is therefore apparent," the report says, "that the contention of the cold storage interests that cold storage has counted for uniformity of prices is largely true, but it is not true for all commodities nor for all comparisons of years and periods of years."

TARIFF GIFT TO SHOE MACHINE CO.

Democratic Caucus Cracks a Joke in Putting Machinery on Free List.

Washington, April 14.—The Democratic caucus, which hitherto has taken its tariff-making solemnly cracked a joke last week. It voted to put "shoe machinery" on the free list. It left the delicate details of what "shoe machinery" is to the ingenuity of the committee on ways and means, merely going on record as desiring to smash the octopus known as the United Shoe Machinery Co. and to help the boot and shoe manufacturer to cheaper fools.

The humor of this assault upon privilege was not appreciated by the caucus, apparently, for no voice was raised to inform the assembled statesmen that if "The Shoe," (as it is colloquially known), had any interest in the caucus at all it would have advised just this course.

Stits the Trust

To put the case in a nutshell, the United Shoe Machinery Co. maintains manufacturing plants not only in Beverly, Mass., but in Canada, England, France and Germany.

It was forced to establish them in England and France because the patent laws require that an article to enjoy the benefit of an English or a French patent must be made in that country. Every one of these plants turns out the same complete machinery equipment as is produced at Beverly and each can produce machines as cheaply as in the United States, and in some instances much cheaper. Manufacturing costs in Canada vary only a trifle from those in the United States, but in England labor is 40 per cent cheaper than here and the machines cost correspondingly less.

American Machine Cheaper.

When the United Shoe Machinery Co. invaded England some years ago every shoe factory in the country was equipped with machines of British make. Since that time the British manufacturers, or many of them, have thrown out the local product, substituted the equipment of the United Shoe, royalties and all, because it was cheaper and the accompanying service superior than any they had been offered before. In other words, the United is making shoe machinery cheaper than its foreign rivals, and placing its product on the free list is simply inviting it to bring its foreign machines in here, if it chose to do so, and to pocket the additional profit thus kindly slipped into its pocket by the patriotic Democratic caucus. Whether the company will do this is a business question for its own officials to decide, but that this proceedure is possible can hardly be doubted.

WOMAN'S HAND IN ALBANIA SCHEME

Paris Paper Says Adventurers Use Duc de Montpensier for Own Profit.

Paris, April 11.—The Due de Montpensier, in making a bid for the throne of Albania, is being made the tool of a group of unscrupulous adventurers, and that the intrigue is being conducted by a well-known Paris beauty is the assertion in which L'Intransigeant in an article in which the names of the men against whom the charges are made are scarcely disguised behind their initials.

Inquiries made at the New York Time's correspondent have failed to excite either confirmation of denial of the story, the friends of the parties concerned preferring to say nothing.

"Happily," says L'Intransigeant, "France has no direct interests in Albania. It would be futile to allow ourselves to be implicated by maladroit manoeuvres in the European imbroglio which the A'banian question has raised.

"Every well-informed man knows that the Duc de Montpensier has not the slightest chance of reigning in Albania.

"The truth is, his entourage is rather mixed. By the side of the very honorable G. N. are the real adventurers, who have already duped the prince. Having exhausted his purse, they are now trying to fish in troubled waters by setting up a buzerainty in Albania, which would gain line their pockets.

"The intrigue is being conducted from Paris by the hand of a pretty woman. The prince, infatuated with sport, full of courage, loving adventure, and, by his upright character, disarmed against the intrigues of his small court, allows himself to be led without seeing where he is going.

"We understand," the journal concludes, "that the ministry of foreign affairs in order not to complicate the European situation is preparing to disavow plainly the imprudent friends, who are making use of a great name in order to prepare new swindling schemes."

COUSIN OF LEO XIII. IS DEAD

Omaha, April 14.—Mother Mary Rock, superior of the Convent of the Poor Clares and a cousin of Pope Leo XIII., died in the convent here Saturday of shock as the result of the Easter cyclone which wrecked the convent.

MRS. PANKHURST FREED FROM JAIL

Sentenced to Three Years of Servitude, Suffragette Out in Nine Days.

London, April 12.—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the suffragette leader, was released from Holloway jail this morning after having been on a "hunger strike" since she was sentenced, only nine days ago, to three years of penal servitude.

No Demonstration.

Mrs. Pankhurst was released on probation, under the terms of which she must report at frequent intervals to the police. In case she commite any misdemeanor she is liable to immediate arrest without a warrant and must then serve out her full term of conviction. The intention of the authorities is to allow her to be free only until she regains her strength.

The condition of the suffragette leader was described by her friends this morning as very grave. She was removed at once to a sanitarium.

The women's social and political union, the organization of the militant suffragettes did not learn in advance the intended release of Mrs. Pankhurst, and there was no demonstration when she left Holloway jail.

Girl Exhausted.

Phyllis Brady and Millicent Dean, two girls who were arrested on April 4, as "suffragette firebrands," were sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment each at the police court today. Miss Brady has been on a "hunger strike" since she was arrested and appeared in court today in an exhausted condition.

VALDEZ DOMINICAN PRESIDENT

San Domingo, April 14.—Jose Borda Valdez was elected by congress Saturday as president of the republic to succeed Archbishop Nouel who resigned recently because of ill-health. Archbishop Nouel arrived at Willemstad, Curacao, April 7, on his way to Europe to take the cure. The government, within a year, must call a general election.

WOMEN BURN MANSION

Suffragettes Destroy Handcome Seaside Residence.

Hastings, England, April 15.—Militant suffragettes today destroyed the handsome seaside mansion at St. Leonards-on-Sea belonging to Arthur Philip Du Cros, Unionist member of parliament for Hastings. The women not only set fire to the house, but placed explosives in many of the rooms. The residence had only recently been vacated.

The women adopted a method often used by burglars for entering houses. They first spread papers covered with jam over the window so as to deaden the sound and then smashed the large panes of glass with hammers, the jam preventing the broken glass from falling.

As soon as the flames were noticed by a passerby the fire brigade was summoned. The firemen had barely begun their work when a series of explosions occurred. One of the firemen was struck on the head by a piece of metal and seriously injured.

PORCELAIN HEELS FOR SHOES

Sevres Ware Latest Eccentricity for Fashionable French Women.

Paris, April 15.—Porcelain heels for silk and satin evening shoes are among the eccentricities of fashion which are expected before long. They will be made of Sevres ware.

Another novel and none too lovely fashion is the wearing of strings of pearls somewhat after the manner of the guardsman's chin strap. The necklace passes under the chin of the wearer from ear to ear. It is sometimes secured to the hair by a jeweled pin on either side.

GOES 2,000 MILES TO VOTE

Portland, Ore., April 15.—Mrs. Sarah Rust, formerly of Laporte, Ind., registered as a voter here yesterday. She is 89 years old and left Laporte a year ago to become a voter before she died. She walked briskly to the polls, declaring that at last the dream of her life, the right to vote, was about to be realized, although she had to travel over 2,000 miles for it.

Biggest Candle for Morgan in Vatican?

New York, April 15.—The largest wax candle ever modelled will be burned on feast days in the vatican at Rome to the memory of J. Pierpont Morgan if the hopes of Father E. T. Monteleone and his parishioners of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel" Roman Catholic Church in Jersey City are realized. The candle is now being molded at the expense of Father Monteleone's church, whose members share their pastor's admiration of Mr. Morgan's life. It will cost $1,500 to make the candle and send it to Rome.

The candle will be 16 feet high with a base 18 inches in diameter, tapering to six inches. If the candle was lighted one day each year it is estimated that it would last for 300 years, and if burned steadily it would not be consumed in less than nine months. If a place can be found for the candle in the vatican it is also hoped to place with it an oil portrait of Mr. Morgan.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—50 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Be a Detective—Earn $150 to $300 per month; travel over world. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. T-14, Chicago.

$30 weekly for taking orders for cut rate groceries. Outfit free. Sugar 4c. Everything at cut rates. The Standard Mercantile Co., 2452 East Ninth st., Cleveland, Ohio.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES make supporters: $12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wisconsin Supply Co., Dept. B 102, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Rare Opportunity to make a comfortable living at home, sewing plain seams, all home work. No canvassing. State time can sew. No triflers. Send 10 cents for samples, postage, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, Jobbers Sewing Dept. 44 B, Rehoboth, Delaware.

HELP WANTED.

Big money writing songs.—We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful writers. Experience unnecessary. Song poems wanted with or without music—will pay one-half of profits if successful. Send us your work today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Largest concern in the country. Free particulars. Dugdale Co., Dept. 209, Washington, D. C.

Government positions open to men and women, $50.00 month. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "lay off." Parcels post means thousands of postal appointments. "Pull" unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Write immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-31, Rochester, N. Y.

Agents—$173 in two weeks, made by Mr. Williams, Illinois, selling the Automatic Jack, Combination 12 tools in one. Used by auto owners, teamsters, liveries, factories, mills, miners, farmers, etc. Easy sales, big profits. Exclusive county rights if you write QUICK. Automatic Jack Company, Box O, Bloomfield, Indiana.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE—Investing For Profit Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely Free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere—get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months Free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 407-28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SPORTING GOODS, Cards, Dice, Books, etc. Catalog free. D. B. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

"Carnation Day." A sweet, effective solo for Mothers' Day, dedicated to Miss Anna Jarvis, "Founder." 5c copy. Robert Baxter, 3227 Sansom st., Philadelphia Pa.

Where to Sell Roots, such as Burdock, Elecampane, Wild Turnip and many other roots, herbs, seeds, etc. Turn them into money. Send 10 cents for list of dealers and directions. William Bivins, R 31, Richmondville, N. Y.

Boys and Girls sell Songs at 50 per cent profit. Address Box 69, Alfred, N. Y.

AGENTS.

AGENTS sell rich looking 36 by 68 Imported Rugs, $1.85 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample and selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug prepaid by parcel post, 98c. O. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Men-Women, All Towns, Sell Greatest Money maker. Big pay. Credit allowed. Sample free. Horner Mfg., 526 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Agents—Sell the great flood book of the National Calamity. 100% profit. Prompt delivery. Send 10 cents for Prospectus and Instructions. C. E. Comer, Mgr., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—An exceptional opportunity for live man of woman as local agent for "Steelex" Hosiery. Something new. Quick sales. Repeat orders. Ideal Supply Co., 32 Union Square, N. Y.

Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Something new. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York City.

Can you write a moving picture play as good as the one you saw last night. If you want to make money writing moving picture plays, write to Farmer Smith, Incorporated, 123 S. Summit ave., Cedar Grove, N. J.

$30 weekly for taking orders for cut rate groceries. Outfit free. Sugar 4c. Everything at cut rates. The Standard Mercantile Co., 2452 East Ninth st., Cleveland, Ohio.

FARM LANDS.

Landology, a magazine giving the facts in regard to the land situation. Three months trial subscription, FREE. If for a home, or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, simply write me a letter making it personal and say, "Mail me LANDOLOGY and all particulars FREE." Address Lloyd M. Skinner, Gen'l Mgr., Skidmore Land Co., Box 311, Marinette, Wis.

FARMS WANTED

Farms Wanted. We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Association, 96 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys' gold plated watch, air rifle or girls' bracelet given free for placing packages of garden seeds with friends; send no money. Write Penn Seed Co., Dept. B, Etters, Pa.

POST CARDS.

12 Fine Colored View Post Cards for 5c in stamps. New Jersey Post Card Co., 631 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

PERSONAL.

Don't suffer having superfluous hair! Ask Mme. Wesling how to remove them painlessly. Send no money. 506 E. Utica St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BOOKS.

Song book for a 2c stamp. B. Antiers, 323 Royal St., New Orleans, La.

LOSES HIS INHERITANCE

Nephew of President of Ecuador Weds Chicago Girl.

Chicago, April 14.—It became known here today that Frutos Plaza, 26 years old and a nephew of Leonidas Plaza, president of Ecuador, had married an American girl several days ago in Chicago and that as a result the young bridegroom's remittance has been cut off and he is threatened with disinheritance by his wealthy relative. The bride is Miss Paulina Dole of Chicago. Frutos Plaza met Miss Dole at the West Point-Harvard football game, and soon afterwards they became engaged.

UNITED STATES SAILORS ARE KILLED IN FIGHT

Guaymas, Sonora, Mex., April 11.—Two sailors of the United States cruiser California were killed and three others wounded in a street fight Wednesday morning at Mazatlan, a Pacific coast port below this point.

Two or three Mexican policemen were wounded in attempting to arrest the American sailors. Admiral Cowles is investigating the incident.

William Wallace Corrie, seaman, and John Chase Keslow, first-class master-at-arms, were the two men killed.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. **Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.**

PATENTS.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

363 Acres, $5300

18 Cows, 2 Horses, Tools.

Big money-making New York farm, well located, with good buildings, productive fields, spring-watered pasture for 30 cows, 3,000 cords wood, 100,000 ft. timber, 600 sugar maples, apple orchard, 2-story, 11-room residence, running water, 9-room tenant house, 80-ft. barn with running water, 50-ft. horse barn, poultry house, other buildings; agent owns it unable to care for it; if taken now 18 cows, two heifers, bull, 30 hens, wagons, machinery and tools go with it; price for everything only $5,300; liberal terms. Complete details with traveling directions to see this and a good little 26-acre farm near a charming lake for $800, on easy terms, page 31, "Strout's Farm Catalogue 36," just out, write today for free copy. More for your money today than the same money will buy elsewhere. Get the facts. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 105, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Make $20 a Day with our wonderful Champion Picture Machine. Takes, develops, finishes photo in half minute; 20 an hour. No dark room. Experience unnecessary. Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage! You coin money anywhere. Small investment; big profits. Be your own boss. Write for Free Book. Testimonials, etc. AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO., 2214 Orden Ave., Dept. F176 Chicago, Ill.

TAKE FINISHED PICTURES IN 2 MINUTES! NO DARK ROOM—No expensive Films or Plates. In order to make our new cameras known in every locality, we shall sell them at half price for a short time only. Write at once for full information. Address Gordon Camera Co., 1664 Stuyvesant Bldg., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS $24 A WEEK

R. M. King Made $45 in 6 Days

15 IN ONE

Forged steel. Patented. Low priced. Sells to auto owners, farmers, mechanics in the shops and the home. Not sold in stores. No competition. Sales easy. Big profits. Ten-inch sample to workers. Write at once. THOMAS TOOL CO., 2478 West St., Dayton, Ohio

HOW TO RAISE CANARIES, 10c STAMPS OR COIN Simple, Interesting, Easier and More Profitable than Poultry. Our new book tells all. E. CLARK, 100 5th Ave., New York City.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. My free booklet X-1032 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 8096, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS wanted. $900 first year. promotion to $158 0. Examination May 3 in every state. Common education sufficient with my coaching. Full information free. Write for booklet W 1032. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

ROOTS, HERBS, BARKS of all kinds wanted, and Essential Oils distilled from same. A new and money making business. Oils as high as $10.00 per gallon. For full information address P. W. Lowe & Son, Botanic Druggists, Asheville, N. C.

BURGLARS ACT ON JOKE

Take "Millionaire for a Day" McDevitt's Word and Call Again.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., April 10.—The cigar store of John J. McDevitt, famous as the "millionaire for a day," was robbed during Tuesday night, and when the ex-plutocrat awoke Wednesday he discovered that much of his stock had been carried away, along with $18 in cash.

Some time ago the store was robbed. Following this, McDevitt addressed a public letter to the burglars in which he told them just how they should enter and leave the place. He furnished full particulars of the building and told burglars that if his instructions were followed to the letter a haul could be made. The midnight visitors took him at his word and left no clew.

"The joke back-fired," declared McDevitt after learning of the robbery.

Carfare Pays For "Buffalo" Cycles

What you save riding to work and for Pleasure will pay for your "Rick-Made" bicycle in one year—after that it will actually put money in the bank for you. The "Buffalo" is the flashiest looking, fastest riding and most durable bicycle made. Coaster brake, tool kit, long mud guards and bell given without extra cost. Has all nickel-plated fittings as 45-position handle-bars, 3-spiral spring suspension seat. Beats All Puncture-proof tires, "Brampton" roller chain, mirror nickel and piano enamel finish, special hanger and other features making it the best bicycle but needs no repairs.

Guaranteed for 1, 2 or 5 Years. Other New Bicycles $14 to $40.

30-Day Free Tryout. We express the Buffalo, charges prepaid, so you can examine and approve it at your express Co.'s office before you spend a cent. If then you are satisfied and certain it is as good or better than any $50 bicycle you ever saw, pay the Express Agent only $21.55 for the bicycle for 30 days' trial. If you think you don't want it we will promptly give you back your money and pay the return charges. Don't delay or you'll forget—write now.

Send for POCKET CATALOG FREE Lowest Prices

RICK CYCLE WORKS, Dept. 5. Buffalo, N. Y.

WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC How Young Girls are Tricked into Slavery

A most sensational book. Read about the medical student who found his own sister on the dissecting table. About the judge who did not know his own daughter. About the husband who learned the truth at last. Ninety-six pages of most exciting and thrilling stories of the White Slavery Traffic in the large cities. Sent prepaid with one year's subscription to our Illustrated Family Magazine—all for 25c. A 6, New Ideas Book Co., 233 So. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

IT'S A WINNER

We've got something up our sleeve for you—something never heard of before. Something for Paragon Agents that's a *wonder*. It will just knock everybody cold when they hear about it.

It's a Winner

We're just about ready to spring it. We can't tell about it here. Everybody would grab it if we did. But we'll tell you all about it if you want to be our agent.

IT'S A WINNER! Do you want to know what we've got for agents this season? Then simply send us a postal card.

Paragon Tailoring Co., Dept. 428 CHICAGO

$100 to $300 Per Month Easily Made in the AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS

Learn to be a chauffeur, repairman, auto salesman or a demonstrator. First Lesson Free. *I Will Give You a 50 H. P. Coey Flyer Without a Cent in Cash*

Write for big free catalogue telling about this great offer and how you can have steady work all year. C. A. COEY, Pres., C. A. COEY'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Dept. 171 1424-26 Michigan Ave., Chicago

$2.95 60 YEAR GUARANTEE

Full 7 Jeweled

Genuine seven jewel Railroad watch worth $15.00 anyone who requires an absolutely reliable timekeeper and a watch that will last a lifetime. Locomotive on dial, stamped and guaranteed seven jewels, breguet hairspring, patent regulator, quick train. Fitted in heavy or medium weight solid 20-year dust proof screw case, 20 year nickel absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of Keen values we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail postpaid for ONLY $2.95. Send this advertisement with $2.95 and watch will be sent to you by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send $2.95 today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Wholesale and Retail Profit Saved! FREIGHT PAID

ANYBODY CAN LAY IT.

RUBBER ROOFING 1-Ply, 35 lb. 108 sq. ft., $1.10 per roll. 2-Ply, 45 lb. 108 sq. ft., $1.30 per roll. 3-Ply, 55 lb. 108 sq. ft., $1.50 per roll.

Warranted For 25 Years. Terms Cash. These Special Prices Only Hold Good for Immediate Shipment. FREIGHT PAID to any station east of Rocky Mountains except Tex., Okla., Colo., N. D., S. D., Wyo., Mont., N. M., La., Ga., Ala., Miss. and Fla. on orders of three rolls or more. Special prices to these States on request.

INDESTRUCTIBLE BY HEAT, COLD, SUN OR RAIN. FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT. NO SECONDS, REMNANTS OR MILL ENDS. Write for FREE SAMPLES or order direct from this advertisement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We refer you to the Southern Illinois National Bank.

Century Manufacturing Co., Dept. 228, 1 East St. Louis, Illinois, or Dept. 228, 220 6th Avenue, New York City.

FREE Silverware

We want every home lover to get some of this $1,000,000 worth of Wm. Rogers & Co. Silverware we are giving away to our customers. But you must send for our Bargain Book within 30 days or you'll be too late for free silverware. Write now, at once for

Book of 5,000 Bargains in Homefurnishings

and Silverware List, with illustrations and full particulars of this Free Gift. We cut prices right to the bone, underselling all competition because we are the world's largest exclusive home-furnishing house selling direct to the people. Our prices to you will be really LESS than dealers and mail order concerns can BUY for—the secret is that we sell

From Forest to Factory—Then Direct to You

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